THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1831

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 23 1935

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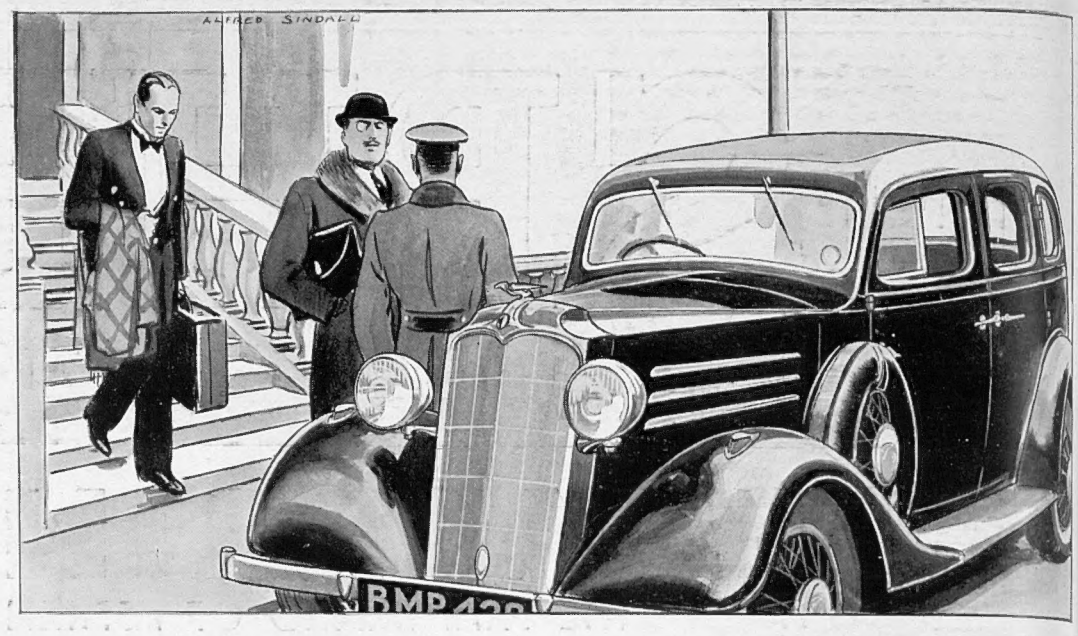

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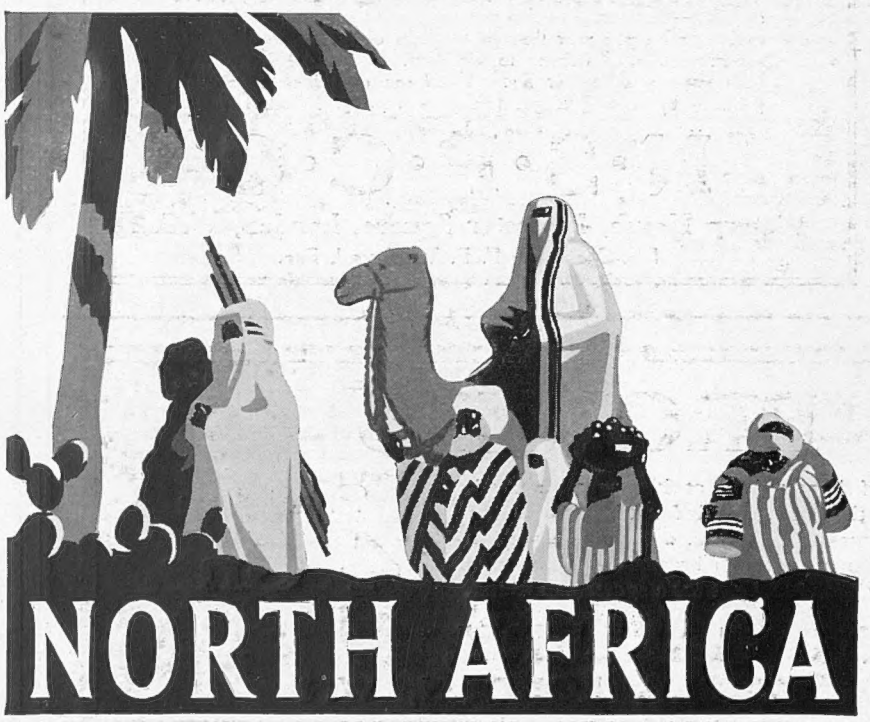

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Travel the quick and comfortable way to
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P.A.42A

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 23, 1935

MODERNITY ON THE LINE

The New Rubber-tyred Rail-car Tried Out on the L.M.S.

This remarkable streamlined, petrol-driven railcar recently arrived at Tilbury from France, and London, Midland and Scottish Railway officials have since been putting it through a series of tests to determine whether it is suitable for use on fast inter-city services in this country. Its most outstanding features are the observation tower from which the driver has a clear view of the line in both directions, and the sixteen pneumatic-tyred wheels which allow of smooth and noiseless running, thus adding considerably to the comfort of the passengers. The car is capable of attaining a maximum speed of 70 m.p.h., it can be accelerated to 50 m.p.h. within 1,000 yards, it can be brought to a dead stop in 120 yards, and during a trial run a few days ago actually averaged 58 m.p.h. on the journey from Leighton Buzzard to Euston. We understand that the Armstrong Siddeley Company have made arrangements to build cars of this type at their Coventry works

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

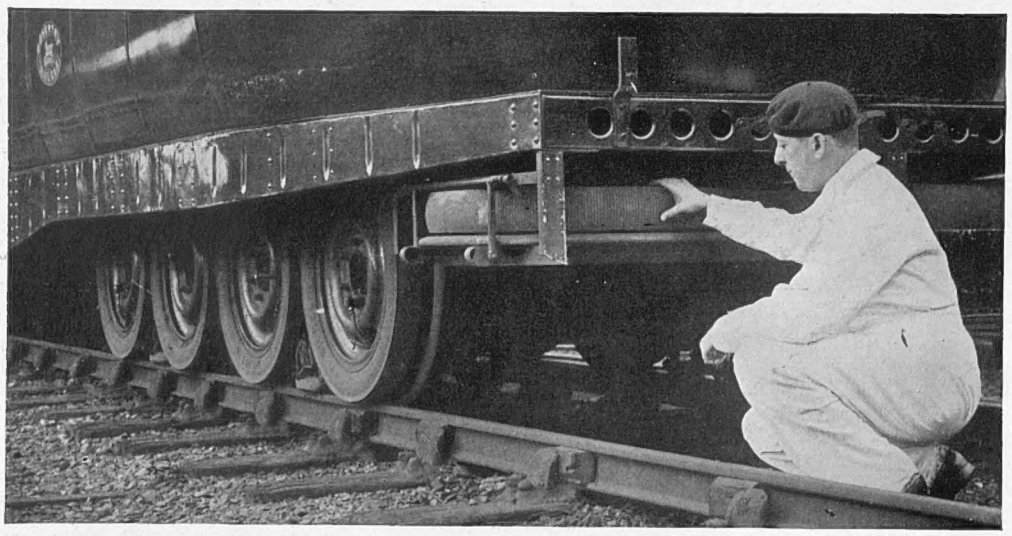
NAUTICAL NUPTIALS: The first wedding held in the Royal Naval College Chapel, Greenwich, since it was licensed, took place last Saturday when Miss Margaret Wiggins, daughter of Dr. W. D. Wiggins (Medical Superintendent of St. Alfege's Hospital, Greenwich), was married to Lieutenant G. O. Symonds, R.N. The bride is seen here arriving for the ceremony

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 20, 1935.

THE HAUPTMANN TRIAL.

—The trial of Hauptmann is over and the civilized world heaves a sigh of relief. It is a relief felt I believe even among the most sensation-loving in those sensation-mad United States. For the hideous orgy of publicity accorded to the trial in its early stages (by all concerned and all not concerned) had its inevitable result and sickened the appetite of the most voracious. It ended boringly in bathos, having dragged out its tedious course of relevancy and irrelevancy according to the custom of American procedure. It seems clear that after the summing-up a big majority of the jury was decided on a conviction with the death penalty. The verdict came at last. A unanimous finding of guilty and the penalty of the Chair. No doubt at all the struggle will go on and the defence will discharge many shots still in its locker, before the penalty is paid, if paid it be. The laws of America provide that wealthy murderers at least may defer death for years. But the worst of the publicity is over and it is to be hoped that for the Lindberghs the last scene in their bitter tragedy is near to an end almost peaceful by contrast. In a sense that little child of so much promise did not live in vain, indeed accomplished more in a few months of life than many men of ability achieve in three score and ten years—if indeed his death brought home to America the depths to which her social system has sunk (in contrast to so much that is fine, ordered, and farsighted) through the inefficiency of the workings of her constitution and the consequent corruption of her institutions of law and order.



FAST AND SILENT: Four of the sixteen rubber-tyred wheels on the streamlined, petrol-driven rail car which is now undergoing a series of trials in this country. Note the spare tyres on a rack beneath the driver's cab. A general view of the car, with a description of its capabilities, appears on the frontispiece of this issue

GENERAL SMUTS, PROPHET.

—Any pronouncement on world politics by General Smuts has come to be regarded as inspired and is accorded an immense amount of serious notice. There is justification for this, for General Smuts is a man who has given himself, and been given by circumstances, time for calm and detached reflection on current events and on the future of civilisation. Of how few of the world's statesmen can this be said! Since the War it has been almost impossible for the vast majority of them to get away for one minute from the preoccupations of office and the need for staving off immediate disaster in the things which pertain to their office, to find time for calm consideration of larger issues. More than this, General Smuts' career peculiarly entitles him to-day to consideration as a councillor of the Empire. His speech last week in South Africa aroused special interest outside as inside the Empire. For he took as his text a problem which as vitally concerns America and Eastern Europe as it is linked with the destinies of South Africa, Australia, and Canada. It is the awakening of the East to ambition in world politics. In his view, the awakening of the East is the first political problem of our day. He sees Japan emerged in less than fifty years as a world power with all a world power's claims. In the disintegration of China, after her old regime had been broken up, he sees the urgent danger of ambitious penetration into her territory by powerful neighbours. He pictures a quarter of the world, having two-thirds of the world's population, awakened from the profound sleep of centuries, possessing the stored energy capable of producing world upheaval, once its forces can be directed. Until to-day Western ideas and institutions have dominated the East. The West has given no adequate political compensations to that vast if undeveloped market for Western trade and it needs nothing but a new spirit of nationalism, uniting and directing the great nations of the East, to close those markets to the West and to develop and to keep them as a vast self-contained Eastern exchange.

CIVIC CONGRATULATIONS: The Mayor of Ripon, in t and the Lord Mayor of York (left), presenting a G. C. L. Lunt after his enthronement as Bishop Egypt between 1926 and 1928, and since then h and Vicar of St. Mary

THE PACIFIC STORM CENTRE.

—That is the economic problem on the horizon. Of the political problem, with its inevitable implication of war in default of a substitute for war, General Smuts spoke in vaguer terms. His solution for the Eastern problem is the solution which so many serious thinkers have found for the problems of Europe—a close understanding between our Empire and America. The scene shifts from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Peace in the Pacific can be assured only if we and America are one in thought and determination to act. Unless that "understanding" between the English-speaking nations can be construed into terms of diplomacy, the logic of General Smuts' argument seems for once at fault, for in another part of his speech he laid down his resolute conviction that in the continued progress of the League of Nations and all that it stands for is based the sole hope of solution of world chaos. For at the moment the United States plays all too little part in the building up of the League. Japan's withdrawal from the League has done little to increase America's willingness to commit herself to the League's responsibilities, and she resolutely refuses a seat on the world's court of arbitration. If the States view with approval General Smuts' conception of an

English-speaking understanding they will do so in terms of powerful combined fleets ready to sweep the Pacific clear of trouble coming from the East. General Smuts' dilemma is this: Either his great idea is at the moment totally inacceptable to America or it contains a principle which sets at defiance the whole creed of the League of Nations.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.—A word as to the Duke of Gloucester's first Empire tour, from which he is now returning by easy stages, lengthened by the vagaries and needs of an American "entertainment ship." It will not be long now before he will be back in our midst, and evidence crowds in from authoritative sources in Australia and New Zealand that the official banquet which the City of London is preparing to give him will truly be a tribute to the manner in which he has carried out his responsible and onerous duties. It was, as I have said, the Duke's first Empire tour. Before he started he had visited Abyssinia for the coronation ceremonies. This Australian tour was the Duke's first major undertaking of Empire and national importance. The programme was everywhere

presence of the Lord Mayor of Leeds (right) illuminated address to the Right Reverend Ripon. The new Bishop was Archdeacon of been Commissary to the Bishop of Calcutta, Portsea

immensely heavy. Much of it was naturally anything but "recreational" in character, and the whole tour afforded fewer occasions for relief and diversion than such Royal tours often afford. But, except for a brief interval when he fell a victim to a chill, the Duke carried out to the letter every detail of the programme, and not even the damage to his foot was allowed to interfere with his engagements. He conducted himself with very great dignity, constant good nature and goodwill, and with a charm of manner which frequently won the hearts of Australians and New Zealanders. He was considerate, thoughtful, polite, interested, and cheery, and on every occasion that offered he showed himself the thorough sportsman that Australians know best how to appreciate. These tours are tremendously strenuous undertakings, and it is a real tribute to the Duke that he, hitherto the least tried of the King's sons, should have so admirably succeeded in this important task of diplomacy and liaison, and in strengthening still further the ties which bind Australia to the Mother Country and unite the Empire under the symbol of the Crown. No Australian Royal tour has left behind happier memories or more constructive results.

THE "MACON" AND THE MORAL.—It is Man's boast that he never admits defeat when he pits his scientific inventions against the forces of Nature, and since the days of Prometheus examples of Man's defeat and submission are proudly rare. It is my belief that the human race to-day urgently needs a corrective against an overwhelming pride in its cleverness. Sometimes we go on because we must, paying a hideous price in human life. The coal-mining industry is an example of a dangerous business in which the safety devices of science still lag behind. In the conquest of the air by great lighter-than-air-machines there have been three pioneer nations, England, Germany, America. England suffered tragic losses and has admitted defeat. In a decade America has lost, with heavy loss of life, three huge airships, *Shenandoah*, *Akron*, and *Macon*, and she will now admit defeat (in her own way). Germany alone remains. She has learned the lesson of the vulnerability of airships in warfare. As a commercial proposition, she has developed the airship with wonderful success and at a trifling sacrifice of human life. She is entitled to feel a pride of race in her achievement, but the airship can never permanently survive as an instrument peculiar to one nation. I hope and believe that this impious invention of man is doomed and that its epitaph will be "God blew with his winds and they were scattered."

THE VIRTUE OF MORSE.—Once learned, the Morse code is never forgotten. A signaller soon ceases to be able to read Morse at effective speed. But he never forgets the letter signs and can all his life make shift to send out a slow message. Not long ago, Mr. Walls of Skegness, observed an aeroplane circling over the town at night, flashing signals. He had been a signaller in France and he painfully read out the word "name?" He at once stopped a passing car, borrowed a looking glass from a shop, and flashed a headlamp into the mirror which he directed to be held at an angle which would reflect his light signal to the 'plane. Then, using a book as a shutter, he spelt out "Skegness" which the 'plane acknowledged with thanks. Given time, Mr. Walls would have gone further, for his powers waxed with practice; but the 'plane flew away and the slogan "it's so bracing" impinged on the empty air. This is not a fresh news item but I found it picturesque enough to store away for a suitable occasion.

B.I.F.—Every year it is the pleasant duty of the journalist to give publicity to the British Industries Fair. In past years I have "featured" the statistical side, as showing the continuous growth of the Fair and its ever-increasing importance as a factor in improving our trade and opening new markets for us in a changed world. This year I shall take the new records of foreign buyers and first week's orders as inexorable, and shall develop the maxim that this annual display of new goods holds something which will prove of vital interest to every manjack in creation, be he black or white, male or female, bond or free, adult or infant. I am more white than black (at least outwardly); male; as free as modern democratic government allows; and distinctly adult; and I have found at least a dozen new gadgets which are going to remake my life, and turn mere existence into a smoothly-oiled vehicle, sweetly running to my ultimate end. These are the new flannel trousers which refuse to bag at the knee, even though I weed my garden in an attitude of prayer. Next, the self-supporter half-hose, a godsend to a man who has never been able to wear sock suspenders since the fatal day when he went up to the altar to be married, trailing a foot new elastic tape. Thirdly, the robot who smokes new pipes till they are mellow and takes all the strain of scorched tongues, etc.

THE GOLD CLAUSE.—The long awaited decision of the Supreme Court (on which depended an issue defined in terms of money at hundreds of millions of pounds sterling) has at last been published and gives Mr. Roosevelt a victory all along the line. But the judgment is as delphic as only the law, and particularly American law, can make it. The United States Government is upheld in exercising its right to abrogate the Gold Clauses (good for Roosevelt!). But in contracts made by the Government, the Government is not entitled to waive its clear liability as defined by existing gold clauses in those contracts. (Nasty for Roosevelt!). But the aggrieved party to a Government contract containing a gold clause is not entitled to sue the Government for its gross breach of contract. (Bully for Roosevelt; not so bully for Jonathan.) Roosevelt heaves a sigh of intense relief, Jonathan heaves a sigh of depression.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.—Various suggestions for celebrating the centenary of local government were put forward last year in the Press. Small wonder if one of the most common suggestions for celebration should have been a reorganization of the rating system in country districts. The present working of the system in force assuredly gives prima facie justification for complaints of inequity. As the local authorities grow more and more "democratic" in personnel and policy the council in power is determined to leave the mark of its reign behind in a whole gamut of popular social reforms. Swimming-baths, recreation grounds, new roads, new lighting, new housing, all these reforms and amenities must come at once—for the chance may never recur. The bill has to be paid, and only a stiff increase in rating valuation can achieve the desirable "right and left," of getting more from the returns while yet reducing the rate by a penny or so as a vote-catching gesture. It is no wonder that the larger householders smell injustice when they find new burdens placed on houses already proved to be uneconomic propositions, and that farmers and villagers complain when they are forced to contribute to the cost of water, drainage, and a dozen amenities which are exclusively enjoyed by their market towns and from which they themselves derive no benefit whatever. My own suggestion for celebrating the centenary of local government was a series of autumn talks by the B.B.C. on the origin, history, and working of this little-understood institution. It has been done already, quoth Sir John? Well, do it again. It needs more than one talk or one decade of talk to cure litter, or road murder, or to make local government methods understood and appreciated.

THE OLD STAGER.

GUARDS AT ATTENTION: Men of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards, who will be leaving for Egypt next October, listening intently to a lecture during their visit to the British Museum last week for a lesson in Egyptology

SEVEN

of News in

THE B.I.F.: The Duchess of York and Lord Derby watching a mannequin parade in the Fashion Theatre at the White City, where the Textile Section of the British Industries Fair was opened this week. Her Royal Highness afterwards made an extensive tour of the stands

BOOM IN THE CITY: A section of the great crowd that gathered in Throgmorton Street on Monday evening after the United States Supreme Court had pronounced judgment in the vital Gold Clause case. The decision, which upheld the actions of the Roosevelt Administration, resulted in tremendous activity in the gold market, and the shares of most of the leading mining companies jumped several points

TAKING COVER: Lady Francis Cole and picture taken at the New College last Saturday at Showell Farm, near good racing and some exciting fin from

"DIRTY WORK": Competitors in the Eton College Steeplechase posing for a picture after the finish. Although the going was extremely heavy, and the race was run in a violent rainstorm, the winner of the Senior Event (F. E. Allhusen) succeeded in covering the three-mile course in 15 mins. 31 secs.

SONS OF THE DUCE: Vittorio and slopes at Sestrières, where they sports holiday. They bear a remar

DAYS

Pictures

a friend who forgot his overcoat. A
and Magdalen point-to-point held
Chipping Norton. There was much
shes, although the weather was far
deal

Bruno Mussolini seen on the ski-ing
are at present enjoying a winter
able resemblance to their father

DAGGERS DRAWN: Dressed in full field kit, and wearing khaki colonial helmets, these members of the Fascist Militia left Rome on February 16 on their way to East Africa. At the time of going to press there are no new developments in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, but there are many who believe that a clash between the two countries is inevitable

THE STAR ATTRACTION: The crowd watching Golden Miller, winner of the 1934 Grand National and hot favourite for the race this year, parading in the paddock at Sandown last Saturday before taking part in the Grand International Handicap Steeplechase. This brilliant 'chaser started at odds-on and won easily, beating Really True by ten lengths

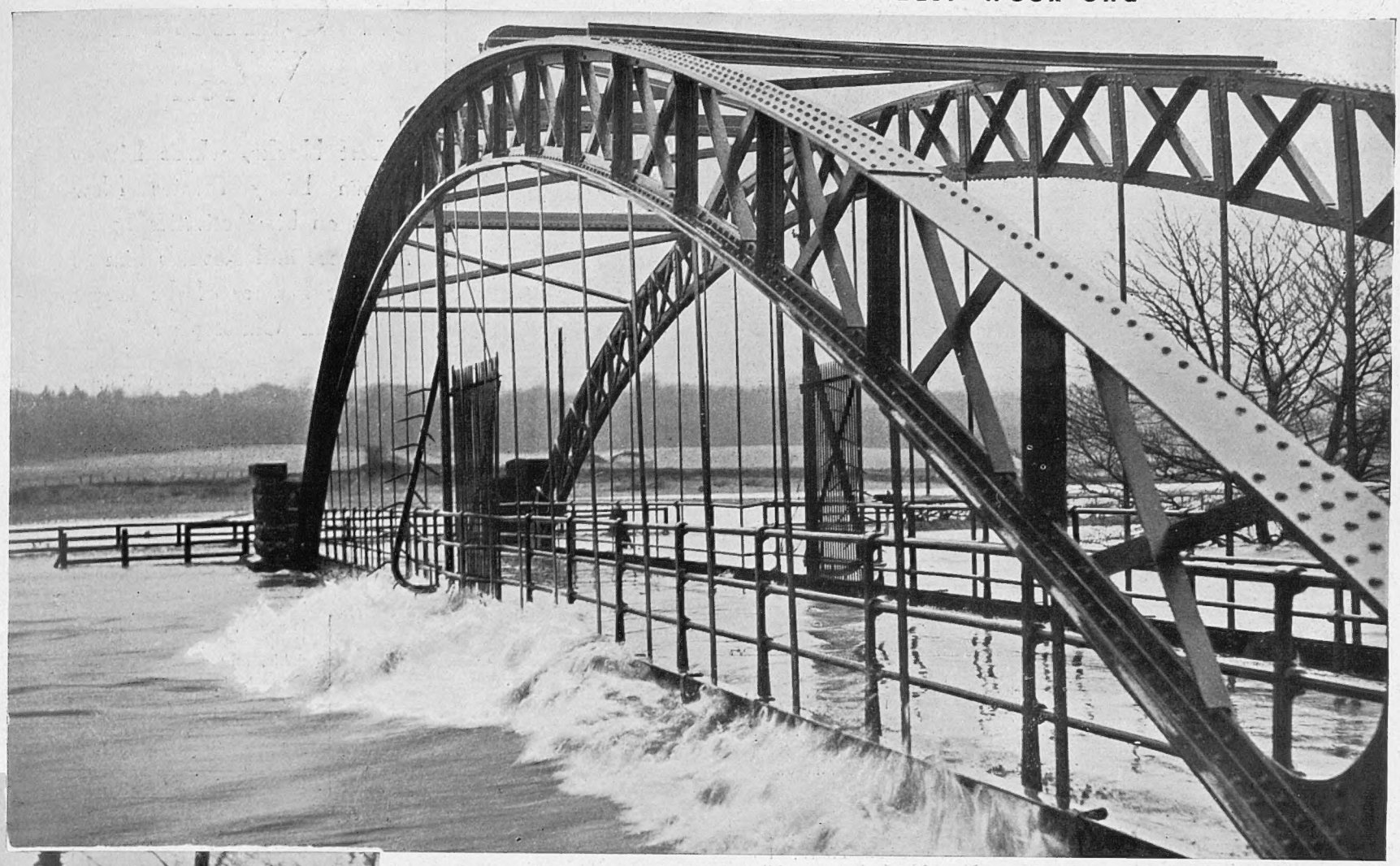
IN ANGRY MOOD: The River Wharfe, swollen to twice its usual size as a result of torrential rains, rushing between the arches of Harewood Bridge, Yorkshire. At Ilkley, some miles up-stream, hundreds of acres of low-lying land are under water, and numbers of cattle and sheep have been drowned

NOT AT HOME: Fortunately there was no one in this house at Shirley, Birmingham, when a tree was uprooted by the gale and smashed the roof and one of the walls. All over the country falling trees did an immense amount of damage to property, and it is a matter for wonderment that only a few people were injured

VENICE OF THE NORTH! Water from the River Wharfe Workgirls on their way home had to be ferried across basements of many houses were swamped. In some

STORM AND FLOOD HAVOC IN ENGLAND

Scenes After the Rains and Gales of Last Week-end



OVER THE TOP: Another view of the River Wharfe showing the water, many feet above the normal high-water mark, flowing over the carriage-way of Ben Rhydding Toll Bridge, Yorkshire. As a result the road had to be closed to traffic, thus isolating the village of Denton

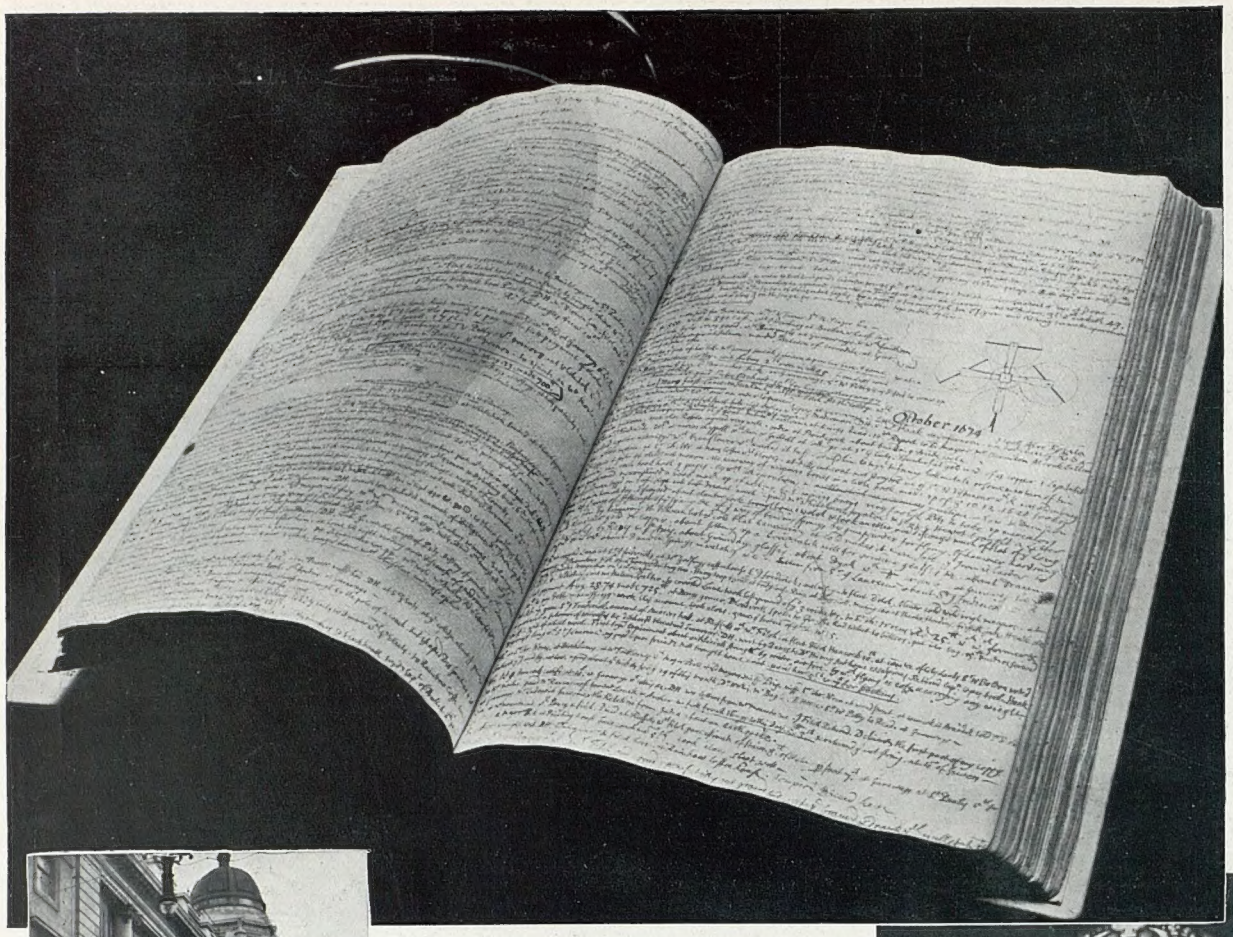
flowing round a telephone kiosk in a street at Otley. the roads, traffic was held up for hours, and the places the floods reached a depth of 3 ft.

A MATTER OF INCHES: A motorist had an amazing escape when this tree crashed across City Road, Norwich, and wrecked the rear portion of his car

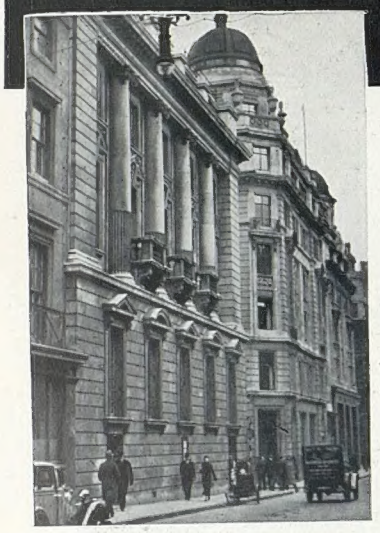
DAMAGE IN LONDON: *Above*—Clearing away a tree in Hyde Park which snapped in half. *Right*—A lamp blown on to the pavement on Blackfriars Bridge

The Ghost of Sir Christopher Wren

Robert Hooke, whose Little-known Diary Throws New Light on his Activities as an Architect and Reveals him as a Silent Partner of the Great Sir Christopher



AN ILLUMINATING MANUSCRIPT: Two pages from the diary of Robert Hooke, which has lain in the Guildhall library for some years but appears to have been overlooked by all biographers except Dr. R. T. Gunther. It covers the period from March, 1672, to May, 1683, and contains a host of references to work in which Hooke assisted Wren



GRESHAM COLLEGE, which was founded in 1579 for the delivery of lectures on law, divinity, rhetoric, geometry, and other subjects. This building only dates from 1913. Hooke died in the original building in March, 1703

AN announcement of extraordinary interest to the architectural world was made last week in the columns of *The Times*. Its correspondent, Miss M. I. Batten, while engaged on some special architectural research work consulted a diary of Robert Hooke which had been in the possession of the Guildhall Library for some years but had never been examined from an architectural angle. It soon became evident from a first perusal of the pages of the diary that here was detailed proof that Dr. Robert Hooke was, in addition to his scientific work in connection with the Royal Society, busily engaged as a practising architect as well as a surveyor between the years 1672 to 1683, and that during these years he was in the closest touch with Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of St. Paul's and innumerable other buildings in London, Dublin, and elsewhere in the British Isles. Brief but numerous entries in the Diary give the impression that Hooke was constantly in the personal society of Wren, that they visited building after building; discussing details and generally arranging for the carrying out of the constructional work.

Curiously brief references to this architectural side of Dr. Hooke's versatile capabilities are made by biographers of Wren and Hooke; short biographies make no reference to architecture at all; no one draws with precision the picture which must now be formed of what must have been a somewhat extraordinary form of partnership, at least of ideas, between the two men. Both were keenly interested in physical discovery, and as it was a period when great strides were beginning to be made in this field of human effort, the biographers who have recorded the life-story of Hooke have been inclined to stress the scientific side.

It is here that the diary steps in to fill a gap in the strange story of Robert Hooke. The following are some typical entries. April, 1675: "Sr Chr. Wren and Mr. Woodroof here, to Dionis Back Church Buttolphs Walbrook Coleman Street St. Bartholomews . . . with Sr Chr. W to Pauls." Saturday, April 29, 1676, has the note: "Agreed with Marshall about St. Bride's Church Tower." May 2: "to Sir Chr. Wren with Filch and Scarborough agreed about Basingshaw Church." February 13, 1678: "to Sir Chr. Wren past Plaisterer for St. Lawrence. Proportion of estimate money of St. Peter's Cornhill."

The visits to St. Paul's we are told are equally frequent. On October 14, 1672, Hooke "at Dr. Wren's dined there saw big neat new furnished Rooms with him at Paules"; while on November 5 he "saw module of St. Pauls approved by the King at Pauls." February 8, 1673, "at Dr. Wrens told me the designe of burying vaults under Pauls and of the addition of Library Body and porticos at the west." In June, 1674, he notes: "Pauls tabernacle ordered"; and in August he saw the Pauls "module finished painting and gilding." A few days later he was at Sir Christopher Wren's and "spoke for Filch to be Bricklayer to St. Pauls." June, 1675, contains the entry: "he (Wren) promised Filch at Paules he was making use of my principle about arches and altered his module by it." On September 10, 1678, Hooke "Received a note from Tillotson to Direct masons at Pauls, the Bishop of Londons kindness." A year later comes another interesting entry: "walked with Sr Chr. Wr. in the park and told him of double-vaulting Pauls with cramps between." The diary, too, seems to support Aubrey's statement that Hooke and not Wren built the Monument or "pillar on Fish-Street-Hill" as it was termed in the diary. There are numerous references to finishing a model, superintending the scaffolding and inscription.

How exactly did these two men stand to one another? Did Hooke first send in a plan for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire, and was Wren's plan, also sent in, accepted a few months later, and was Hooke commissioned to carry out the work of getting this plan into being? One can read in the diary of a visit to Sir Christopher's, on an occasion when there was "noe money nor favor" forthcoming; "he seemed jealous of me."

IN MEMORIAM: The window to Hooke in the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate. The portrait is probably somewhat idealized, as Hooke is known to have been deformed, and one of his biographers says of him: "He was always very pale and lean, and latterly nothing but skin and bone"

Sir Christopher's life story is well documented, but what manner of man was this Robert Hooke—this shadow of the great Sir Christopher? James Elmes, in his *Wren and His Times* (1852), makes at first the briefest references to Hooke as if the reader knew everything about him.

It is only on p. 369 when the volume is almost at its close that one suddenly comes on the following short but surprisingly generous statement: "Robert Hooke, the able associate and coadjutor of Wren, the architect of the late British Museum, Aske's Hospital, Hoxton, the former Bethlehem Hospital, Moorfields, and author of Mecographia and many philosophical treatises, and one of the original members of the Royal Society, died on the 3rd of March, 1705 (sic), in the 68th year of his age after many years suffering from internal decay. He was buried in the Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate Street, and attended to his grave by all the Fellows of the Royal Society, who were then in London. . . ."

This bent little man has evidently aroused antagonism in the minds of certain biographers. Lawrence Weaver in his *Sir Christopher Wren, Scientist, Scholar, and Architect*, quotes Elmes thus: "Hooke was at Westminster just before Wren and ran second to him all his life. If Elmes' view of the case be true, Hooke picked up Wren's ideas, developed them and tried to take all the credit of them and was a bad colleague generally . . ." It is points such as these that the diary will on close scrutiny help to solve. They are to be scrutinized and prepared for publication by Mr. H. W. Robinson and Mr. W. Adams of the Royal Society, which body hopes to publish the volume in the coming summer.

COMMEMORATING THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON: The Monument on Fish Street Hill which is always supposed to have been designed by Wren. Hooke reveals in his diary, however, that he himself had a large share in the work

BEARING TESTIMONY TO A GLORIOUS PAST: One of the many remarkable Hindu temples at Mahabalipur—a city on the coast of the Madras Presidency which was a flourishing trading centre over 2,000 years ago and which is now no more. Here are to be seen some of the finest examples of Dravidian architecture, a style that differs widely from that found in any other part of India

HEWN FROM THE LIVING ROCK: A Hindu shrine and a representation of an elephant (*left*) and an ancient temple (*right*) all carved from giant blocks of granite. They probably date from the seventh century, A.D., and stand near the shore of the Bay of Bengal at Mahabalipur

A DEAD CITY
of Southern India

Centuries ago Mahabalipur was a flourishing port, the trade of which supported a large and prosperous community. Sailing ships came from all parts of the East to land and load cargoes there, and frequently mention is made of the place in old maritime records. Now harbour, town, and people have vanished, the sea has encroached, and all that remains are a few lone and majestic temples on the shore—reminders of the peak of perfection to which Dravidian art once attained. These temples are to-day known as "The Seven Pagodas"—a name given to them by the men of the East India Company who regarded them not so much as works of art of an almost forgotten period, but as seamarks to be looked for on their voyages along the coast

BY APPOINTMENT
DUNLOP FORT
DUNLOP FORT "90"
MADE IN ENGLAND
The New Dunlop "90"
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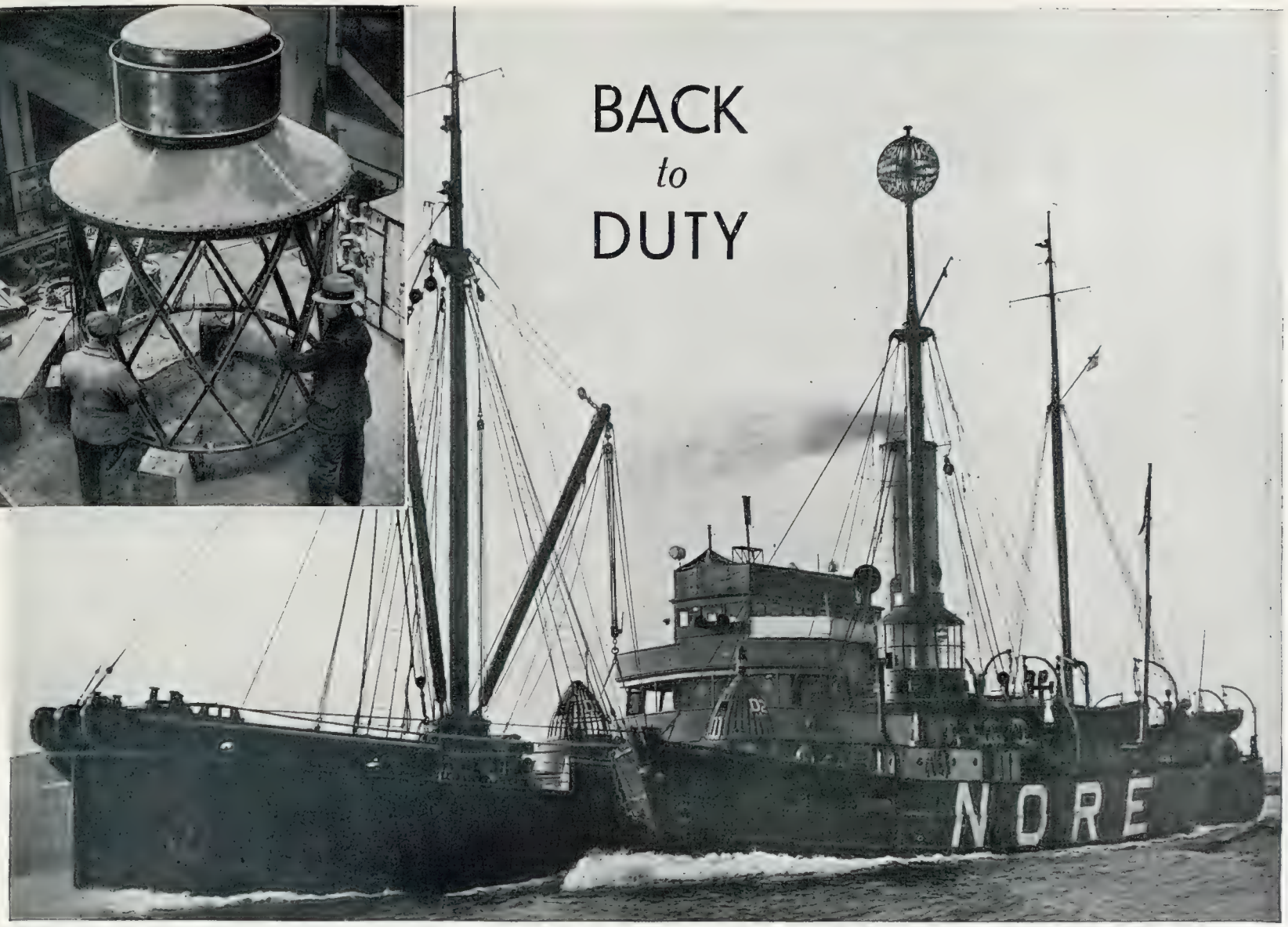
BACK *to* DUTY



GUARDIANS OF THE SEA: The Nore lightship, now over ninety years old, was damaged by a passing vessel during the great fog last November, and since then has been undergoing repairs in the Port of London. She is seen here, accompanied by a Trinity House tender, on the way back to her station in the Thames estuary. *Inset* (top left)—The lantern tower, 9 ft. high and 7 ft. in diameter, which is being constructed at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's North Woolwich works, and which is to house the lens and 20,000 candle-power light that is to be placed at the entrance to Bahrein Harbour in the Persian Gulf

RIVER-WISE: A picture taken on the bridge of a London-bound liner just after the pilot had come aboard in the estuary to guide the ship safely to her berth in the docks. The captain (extreme right) is now only an onlooker, and the temporary commander is standing beside the man at the wheel, giving him his instructions. The pilot station, which is the largest in the world, is situated on the Royal Terrace Pier at Gravesend, and there certified master mariners are available day and night to take charge of ingoing and outgoing vessels. Their fees vary according to tonnage

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THE FLAG OF THE "PORT COMMITTEE" flying from a boat in the harbour of Danzig—the city that once belonged to Germany and is now governed under the ægis of the League of Nations. On the left-hand side of the flag are the arms of Poland, on the right the arms of Danzig

THE CALL OF BLOOD

Germany Organizes a Campaign for the Return of the Territory that was Taken from Her at Versailles

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

WITHIN a few days Herr Hitler will deliver a resounding address in the Saar when there is every likelihood that Nazi territorial revision policy, based on Hindenburg's fundamental utterance, "What once was German shall be German again!" will be pushed another phase forward. We shall hear of the Third Realm's desire for peace, and specifically so in the West, with no further claims upon France, but that there will be smuggled in a burning subterranean call to those of German blood beyond the German frontier is almost certain. In fact we may as well reconcile ourselves to a similar state of affairs for long years to come, having voluntarily entered the era of German demands consequent upon our grant of equality of rights.

"The peaceful battling for our land and blood," as the scheduled shouting has already been christened, should only become the more strident, insistent, and eventually non-stop, as strength progressively returns and finally surges into the German body. It has all been most carefully thought out.

Forewarned is forearmed, said Pascal; and it is surely better that we should look at this business globally from early on instead of gradually waking up in nasty jolts later. As it happens, lots of people are in varying degree of agreement with what is on the carpet—the attempted slow return to Germany of much of the territory that was taken from her at Versailles—but whether one agrees or not, the Goebbels propaganda blaring is unlikely to let up, save intermittently for reasons of policy, in the immediate years to come. Just as we are embarked on the great gamble of trusting Germany, so also must we face up to the prospect of continuous fresh German demands in the future. We asked for it; perhaps it was the only way.

In Berlin, special departments have been set up whose personnel has the responsibility of representing each of the minority or other territories that Germany will claim one day. This was first done with the Saar, with Herr Bückner liaisoning with Herr Pirro at Saarbrücken, and the system proved so successful that it is being extended and generalised. These special departments constitute one of the most important of Nazi innovations since they jointly go to form the organism for the rebuilding of Germany-as-it-once-was, and any errors on their part in such things as psychology or timing or weighing the reactions of individual foreign Powers, in creating "incidents" or in assessing the volume of local sentiment or readiness to return, could obviously bring about distressing and conceivably permanent defeat of the Nazi project for this or that strip of territory.

A revisionist technique, differing for each case, has been worked out—thus the technique for getting back Danzig differs radically from that docketed away for getting back the 3,300,000 German Minority along the Czech border. Superimposed on the whole is a general time-table which is of the highest importance because a very great deal depends on the order in which the coveted territories are demanded back—for example, it would be all wrong to set up the ballyhoo now for Schleswig-Holstein whereas we may be quite near the commencement of the organized clamour for Memel. Without doubt this time-table will be subject to extempore treatment in accordance with new and unforeseeable twists in international affairs, Nazism being essentially opportunist in character; meanwhile there is good reason to suppose that the programme of German demands does not vary greatly, as worked out at present, from the following order:—

(1) Memel
(2) Colonies
(3) Eupen-Malmédy
(4) Danzig
(5) Schleswig-Holstein
(6) Czech Minority
(7) Upper Silesia

It will be noted that no mention is made of Alsace-Lorraine, of Austria, of Posen, or of the Polish Corridor. These do not come under the same irredentist claim, but may be said to belong to a wider and ulterior Nazi hope or dream, namely that of all the Germanic tribes, including German-Switzerland and the Baltic Provinces, being one day attracted by the prestige, power, and prosperity of a (gradually) reconstituted Germany. Herr Hitler may be speaking the perfect truth in saying that he is not thinking of getting back Alsace-Lorraine, but supposing part of that Germanic racial entity were one day to encourage him? Posen and the Corridor are a different tale again, possibly billed for the very end of this story, for the apotheosis of Hitlerism, in certain eventualities.

L'appétit vient en mangeant, says the French proverb. As Hitler sees each fresh demand granted, he will ask for more. What is no less certain is that after each fresh swallow he will be in augmentingly stronger state to insist on the next item in the programme. "In order to avoid war, give to the Nazis"—many believe that is destined to be the leading refrain of the next decade. It will be interesting to see how it works out, how far it works out without trouble.

How thoroughly the Nazis have got their adherents organized and obedient in the territories they claim was well demonstrated soon after they came to power. It may be remembered that in the months following the Führer's advent in 1933 there arose shrill clamour from pretty nearly all the territories above mentioned, with Nazi excesses and strutting in Schleswig, Eupen, Danzig, Memel, not to mention Austria. All that was gradually called off as premature, useless, and damaging, and acquiescence on the part of the locals has been complete ever since. The band will start in each place in due course, when the proper time comes, and meanwhile the natives must possess their nostalgic selves in patience. The Führer is all-wise—the Führer knows when best to come to their succour.

To run the irredentist programme swiftly in review, Memel has been selected to follow the Saar because it offers the next clearest case for a return to Germany on account of the overwhelming German majority, and because of Lithuanian weakness at Geneva and Lithuanian shortcomings since possessing the territory under the Memel Convention of 1924. The German claim—made with some reason—is that the autonomy, the education and language liberty granted by the Powers, have been denied to Memel Germans. A plebiscite is demanded, but it is hard to see how one could be engineered, no clause existing in that direction. It may be that the *fait accompli* will be tried in Memel; one morning the town will awaken to find the Nazis in control.

I have put the Colonies second as it is fairly certain that from now on a drum-propaganda will be sustained demanding back parts of Africa and smaller Far Eastern ex-possessions. Dr. Schnee, late of German South West, is the head of this particular racket. The Germans say it is a lie that they ran their colonies inhumanely and badly, the official excuse when they were taken from them, and it seems to be that British expert opinion is not unanimous in regard to the condemnation uttered sixteen years ago. The German colonies meant an annual loss of several million pounds to the Berlin Exchequer and never more than 30,000 white Germans were settled in them, but the Nazis say that with 1935 science and equipment they can change all that.

It is difficult to know where to place Danzig in our time-table, but there should at least be no shouting or violence over the great, idle, Hanseatic port. The bulk of Danzig is simply waiting to go back body and soul to the Reich; indeed its orderly and quiescent waiting offers a striking picture of community discipline. When the hour strikes, Danzig will presumably go back, in conformity with an arrangement already made with Pilsudski's young man, and Göring's friend, Colonel Beck. It is impossible not to believe that such an understanding exists: Danzig to return soon to Germany which in exchange will undertake to add to the commerce of the post-War Polish port, Gdynia, just opposite. (Colonel Beck has elected to dance with Bear Göring: may Poland not get too badly hugged one day).

Eupen-Malmédy, the strategical frontier country beyond Liége, is going to provide an interesting proposition for us in the West. It is inhabited by 30,000 or 40,000 Germans who chiefly make beer, sandals, and paper. The first German divisions slipped through here in 1914 for the onslaught on Belgium. So, at Versailles, the territory, which commands the rail system radiating westward from Cologne, was made over to Belgium but with the proviso that a plebiscite be held. This was staged in 1920—much too close up to the War—and was admittedly a farce. Belgians stood by with drawn swords while the merest trickle of "protesters" dared to sign for Germany though nearly all were of German heart and still are to-day, on Belgian admission. What should happen in the case of Eupen-Malmédy is fairly clear. Hitler will appeal to the League against that dud plebiscite if he returns to Geneva or even if he does not. And what will the Belgians have to say? They are level-headed people and they don't want any Alsace-Lorraine sores, but the difficulty about Eupen-Malmédy is that its tenure means considerable added military safety. Yet in the event of an air convention this ground-defence aspect will not be so important (Belgium fears the air first, like ourselves) and it is possible that a friendly deal might be done over this particular piece of irredentism, the last on the ex-Western Front, if the Germans guaranteed to keep the area demilitarized.

The claim with regard to that part of South Jutland which opted by plebiscite in 1920 to go back to Denmark from which it had been wrenched in 1864, may develop into a deferred affair. Bullying little Denmark would get England's back up for one thing, and that is one of the last things Hitler wants to do for a long while yet. All the same, Nazi pressure below the frontier is constant and great, while South Jutland itself is thoroughly undermined by a Nazi Minority put as high as 30 per cent, and led by Pastor Schmidt who sits in the Copenhagen Parliament. Neighbouring Holstein, it may be mentioned, is one of the most enthusiastic of all Nazi holdings. Partizans numbered nearly 800,000 last year.

The great German minority in Czechoslovakia yields perhaps the gravest part of this story. One does not see Dr. Benes parting with any of it, although he has said he might discuss certain local frontier rectifications if it were understood that that would be definitely *all*. The minority (of 3,300,000) has a high degree of cultural autonomy, and is represented at Prague by seventy-three deputies and thirty-six senators, and even has two members in the Cabinet, but *was deutsch war, müss wieder deutsch werden!* and as the might and dignity of the Third Reich mount, the local Nazi chieftain, Herr Henlein, finds his task ever easier. He denies that his Heimatsfront is Hitlerian in sympathy, but the Czechs don't believe him, and have suppressed his publications and other activities.

And so lastly to Upper Silesia where we collide once again with the so risk-taking Colonel Beck. What may well be the arrangement here? It is hard indeed to believe that the Nazis have resigned themselves to seeing this rich strip permanently in Polish possession, especially as it was not lost by so very much to Germany under the plebiscite of 1921. We come up here with the whole enigma of what Berlin and Warsaw have secretly arranged between themselves as to their future development. The most frequently heard explanation is that Germany will aid Poland to take the Ukraine from the Soviet, receiving in return the Baltic Provinces and Posen and perhaps even the Corridor provided a path were left open connecting Warsaw with Gdynia. Time will tell. At any rate, this is the Hitlerian apotheosis referred to earlier: the possibility of the Nazi régime being allowed a real *Drang nach Osten* by us in the West.

A Political Shooting Party

During General Göring's Recent Visit to Poland

A NOTABILITY FROM THE FREE CITY: Herr Greiser, of Danzig, at the shooting party held by the Polish President in the Bialowieza Forest in honour of the visit of General Göring, the Prussian Premier

On left—KING OF THE FOREST: A splendid example of the Ure ox, numbers of which, though rare in Europe, still roam through the Bialowieza. Several were shot during the shooting party

On right—TAKING AIM: General Göring in one of the butts

TALKING IT OVER: General Göring and President Ignacy Moscicki, of Poland, driving together through the Forest. The visit was supposed to be of an entirely private nature, but it has been stated in well-informed circles that the Prussian Premier raised the question of an alliance between Germany and Poland, and suggested that a meeting should be arranged between Marshal Pilsudski, the Dictator, and Chancellor Hitler. The present situation of the German citizens in the autonomous port of Memel is also said to have been discussed

THE WOMEN OF INDIA

The Moulders of Masculine Opinion Whose Vital Needs are a Greater Degree of Education and a Greater Knowledge of the Ways of the World Beyond their Horizon—An Ideal Threatened by the Extreme Antagonism of the Brahmin and the "Baniah"

By MAUSER

COOLIE WOMEN AT A WELL: Without necessarily being of outcast rank they, nevertheless, form the main body of the lower orders of the village community. There are millions of such people in India, and the task of educating them would be one of almost insuperable difficulty

A SMALL proportion of the 171,000,000 women of India have lately emerged from seclusion into the limelight, hailed as an earnest of the modernization of the sub-continent, and one more warrant for according it a twentieth-century democratic Constitution. A sporadic movement, representative of the vast mass of Indian women. Parsees—almost as much strangers in India as we are ourselves—the overseas-educated, repudiated by their kind, the ruling consorts who for reasons of State fit themselves for Viceregal receptions, and those of the higher officials. Special cases and, in numbers, such a tiny minority as not by a hairsbreadth to affect the fixed inertia of the main body.

To get a truthful view of the picture it is necessary to consider the average woman; at India's average moment, now, or in the clearly foreseeable future which will come by its own when we British have left the land—as leave it we plainly shall—to its own devices. And in this we take no heed of either the minority in high places or of the creeping, voiceless, almost sub-human women of the depressed classes; but of that immense body of wives, sisters, and daughters of the sturdy yeoman class, they who form the unobtrusive 90 per cent. of India's teeming millions, and who are in essence the main foundation of the Raj-to-be as planned by those two dictators of India's future, the Brahmin and the *baniah*. For every personal and ethical dictate of both is directed to getting India back to the normal; to get done with all this adventitious modernism which has upset the land, its peace and that stable tradition—that *dastúr*—which, in saving the Indian the necessity for thought, spells both peace to him and a clear field for his hereditary spiritual and material masters.

And of all modernisms, this women's movement is to them a vicious excrescence on the body politic. Anathema.

Just as kingdoms, states, committees are nothing but a multiple of the families of which they are composed, so is the planned future of India based on the inner life of its myriad households; and it is there, within a strict seclusion where no stranger may venture, that we shall find, in embryo, the whole complex land which for generations has puzzled us. Its keystone is woman. Not the exotic Eastern woman of sensational story; but the quiet, dignified mother, wife, daughter; hard-working, self-denying, rigidly faithful, but, withal, absolute queen in her tiny sheltered realm.

The woman of the family is the greatest influence, for or against us, in the land. In the village where the elders sit in conclave in the evening on the beaten mud platform under the *pipal*-tree and arrange the affairs of their little principality she is the power behind the throne. There is not a woman, ostensibly, within earshot; and yet, not a greybeard but comes primed to the tiny assembly, or commits himself to an opinion or vote which he would afterwards be unable to uphold when his door has once more closed behind him.

The woman it is in whom are rooted the superstitions of the land. To her the Brahmin, his prophecies, his astrology which fixes the propitious day for harvest, journey, buying, or selling; his horoscopes and *mantras;* his caste-rules, taboos, purifications, and elaborate ritual ceremonial—all these are to the woman as the voice of God.

In some of the better-class families it is, indeed, the custom to keep a *purohit*, a family priest under whose daily direction its members may safely tread the involved and maze-like path of Hindu salvation. Superstition of the blackest, and yet crystal-clear in its sincere simplicity of intention; for, if our background is a finite one, based on matter-of-fact history, that which stands behind the Indian woman is a tangle of legends and fairy-tales which represent to her a greater heritage than history, as possibility is always more alluring than reality.

MRS. MALATI PATWARDHAN, who is responsible for much of the feminist agitation in the United States against British rule in India, and who has bitterly condemned Miss Katherine Mayo's writings regarding the barbarity of certain Hindu social customs

The matriarch is the greatest asset of the *baniah* and, to that extent, is at the root of India's almost inconceivable enslavement to the usurer. For she is the mainspring of those sudden social extravagances, those religious festivals, marriage feasts, and funerals which invariably send her husband to the man

Who lends the poor that funny cash
That makes them poorer still.

Nor, thrifty in person as she is, can she ever shed that social complex in which display on occasions, even for the most indigent, is a law unbreakable.

The matriarch, again, is the arbiter of the family at wide and large, and the high-priestess of its individual economic functions. She it is who dictates responsibilities and who, in the past and present, is all unconsciously at the root of much of the

POLITICIAN AND POETESS: Mrs Sarojini Naidu who was first woman president of the Hindu Congress

discontent and revolt which lie at the bottom of the movement to dispossess us. For the Indian family, in all its ramifications of kinship, hangs together; its members financially and economically interdependent to an extent hardly to be realised by a West in which the individual takes a pride in independence and hates to sponge on his relations.

We understand this best when we realise that throughout the length and breadth of India there is no Poor Law, no Vagrancy Act, no single workhouse or institution for the destitute; and neither dole nor a framework of society to which, if it existed, it could be applied. But unless in the inconceivable event of his having no relations, no man need, or does, starve.

From this it arises that any man in possession of a paid job is a family asset; his pay, and his pension after retirement; and it is the women of the family, who see to it that he shares-out to the limit of what he has.

Nepotism is, in consequence, understandable, with those who can dispense patronage; for, by ever so little as a man can introduce one of his relations into a paid job, by that much he lightens his own burden. An instance occurred only the other day, when a highly placed, highly educated, in every way estimable servant of the Bengal Government told the writer that he had, from his unaided salary, to provide sixty-eight dinners a day; and that this had been going on ever since he had obtained his equivalent of K.C.

Of all appointments, those most eagerly sought after are those under Government. Mercantile jobs are the close preserve of the *baniah* class, and form an indispensable training ground for his sons, who will succeed him. Technical jobs are as nearly as possible non-existent. But a Government job, however small, carries an assured salary, paid regularly and in full; an equally assured, if small, pension; and a personal prestige which, in a land hag-ridden with a social sensitiveness developed from the tyranny of caste, is possibly the highest prize.

Can it then be wondered at that we are told that the women, for whose over-trained over-crowding men too often no safe and profitable jobs now exist, are the worst enemies of our Raj?

But where we English are hampered, and our best efforts at straightening out the tangle are rendered useless, is in the inaccessibility, behind the curtain, of the place where these problems are created.

Purdah, in India, as with its modified equivalent which is still to a certain extent observed in Southern Europe, marks a social status. The women of the depressed classes who live on the brink of destitution and must therefore work, obviously cannot observe a seclusion which marks off the woman in easy circumstances from her labouring sister as clearly as the mandarin's tapering finger-nail separates him from the rickshaw-coolie. Nor would the self-respecting woman venture for a moment a publicity of person which, for obvious professional reasons, is a necessity to the dancing-girl and the public entertainer.

As with many another cry for the freeing of the oppressed, based on sentiment rather than fact, there emerges from this apparent grievance nothing but bathos. The women of India, imprisoned in the home by plain snobbery, have in fact only themselves to thank.

The Simon Report has put its finger on the one point which, in our sensitiveness with regard to Hindu custom and, with it, to India's domestic system, has been so often burked.

> It is not too much to say that India cannot reach the position to which it aspires in the world until its women play their due part as educated citizens.

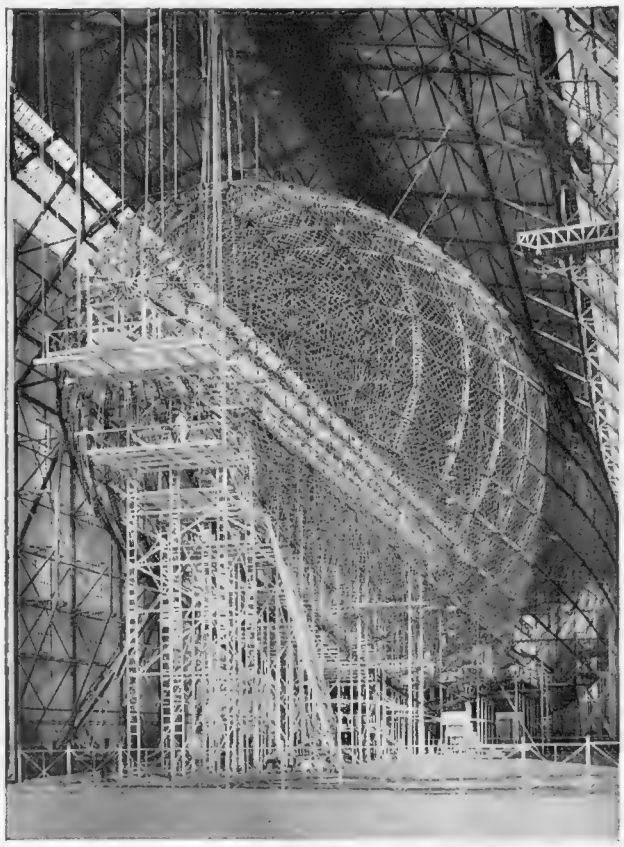
When India's women, freed by education from a social tyranny which to-day mentally and physically circumscribes their every act and thought, emerge from seclusion and learn the ways of the great world which is now far beyond their horizon, then indeed would we see an end to superstition, to economic acquiescence, to the narrow obscurantist domestic matriarchy which to-day forms the limits of their kingdom. For women, be they white, yellow, or brown, have that heaven-sent horse-sense which sees all things in terms of plain advantage, and its reaction on the good of husband and family. And should that day ever dawn, then good-bye to the trammelling superstitions of the family priest, to the slavery of debt, to the nagging discontents which get the miserable husband nowhere.

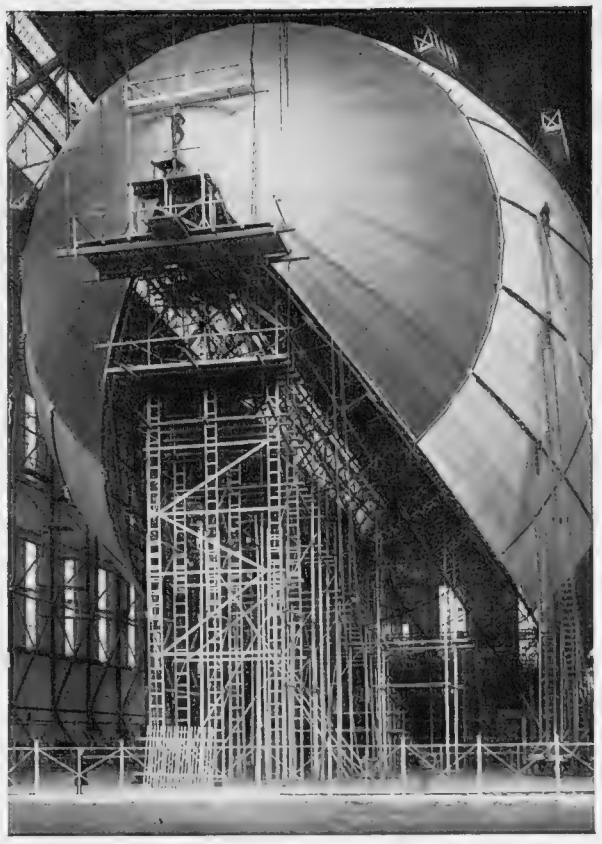
But that the Brahmin, the *baniah*, and the disgruntled politicians who are their tools, will ever allow such a millennium to come to pass, let those say who know India.

A WEDDING AT UDAIPUR, RAJPUTANA: Some of the guests dressed in their best clothes and wearing their finest pieces of jewellery, waiting for the arrival of the bride. On occasions such as this even the poorest people endeavour to make a show and, as a result, often plunge themselves so deeply into debt that they practically become the slaves of the moneylender

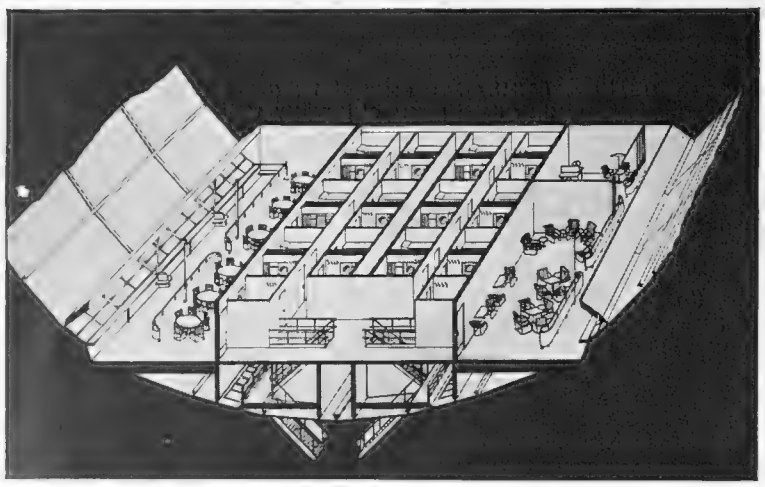
THE UNVEILED SISTERHOOD: Typical Indian dancing girls of to-day—an enlightened type

GIPSIES OF THE ORIENT: Members of a wandering tribe of jugglers and public entertainers called the Sansis. The women delight in bedizening themselves with quantities of cheap jewellery, and the men, among their other accomplishments, are known as skilful coiners of base money





GERMANY'S LATEST DIRIGIBLE: Two views of the *L.Z. 129* while under construction at Friedrichshafen. *Top left*—The steel framework of the hull completed. *Above*—Building on the envelope



THE LIVING QUARTERS: A sketch showing the arrangement of the public rooms and of the cabins in the new German airship

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS: An autogiro coming down in one of the main streets of Barcelona in order to show the ability of this type of 'plane to manœuvre in a confined space. The first part of the demonstration was a great success, and the civic authorities came out to welcome and congratulate the pilot

ACT II: When the autogiro was taking off again it failed to clear an electric lamp standard, and is shown here after it had crashed to the ground

AIRSHIPS

Their Fluctuating Fortunes —Renaissance in Germany, Disaster in the United States

By C. D. PALMER

THE news of the loss of the United States naval airship *Macon* has come at a time when public confidence in lighter-than-air craft had been revived by the performance of the famous *Graf Zeppelin*. Increasing interest was being shown all over the world in the construction of a new ship at Friedrichshafen and in the proposals for services across the North Atlantic.

Our own experience of airships has been disastrous, and the destruction of *R 101*, a highly unsatisfactory ship which should never have been allowed to start on its last voyage, is still comparatively fresh in the public mind. That disaster, together with a Government economy campaign, sealed the fate of British airships, and this, coupled with misfortunes to airships in other countries, left public opinion throughout the world distrustful of, if not hostile to, this means of transport.

But in Germany the development of rigid airships was regarded as a matter of national prestige. They have always been looked on as a German speciality, and no other country has been so persevering in the face of discouragement or so successful in operating them.

Few people realize that six commercial airships had flown in Germany in the years between 1910 and 1914, and that between them they had carried over 37,000 passengers without injury to a single one. Then came the War and the achievements of the Zeppelins made a profound impression both in Germany and the allied countries, especially in England, the victim of most of their raids.

It was natural that immediately after the War Germany should again turn her attention to commercial airships. By the end of 1920 two had been launched, one of which made many successful flights, but the Inter-Allied Commission of Control ordered them to be handed over, one to France and the other to Italy. A third ship then under construction had to be handed over to the United States by way of reparations.

Fortunately the Zeppelin works were saved from being dismantled but the construction of further ships was held up for seven years. In 1927 the *Graf Zeppelin*, which has since become world famous, was laid down and she was launched in the following year.

Dr. Eckener, head of the Zeppelin works, her veteran commander, set to work to re-establish the reputation of the airship as a means of transport. Despite setbacks, this he has successfully achieved.

The *Graf Zeppelin* in her early days made flights to the United States, cruises to the Arctic and the Tropics, and a Round-the-World cruise during which she safely weathered two typhoons. Since March 1932 she has operated a regular service to schedule across the South Atlantic between Friedrichshafen and Rio de Janeiro and to-day her record stands at ninety ocean crossings. She has flown over 1,000,000 kilometres (621,000 miles) and has carried 27,000 persons, 5,500,000 postal packets, and over 40 tons of freight without mishap.

Meantime a new airship, the 129th Zeppelin, to be named *Hindenburg*, has been under construction. This ship is now nearing completion and will be launched in the spring of this year. After her trials she will probably operate on the North Atlantic route in the autumn.

The new *L.Z.129* will embody the latest developments in airship design. A point of great interest is the use of Diesel engines, which by consuming heavy oil will abolish the fire risk which is ever present where petrol is used for fuel and at the same time will considerably reduce the running costs. These engines will develop altogether about 4,400 h.p. and the ship will carry about 132,000 lbs. of heavy oil to supply them.

Another development towards the abolition of the fire risk is provision for the use of helium for the lifting gas. Helium is more expensive than hydrogen and has the disadvantage of giving ten per cent. less lift, but it is non-inflammable. Supplies of this gas are available only in America, so that the ship will fly her trials with hydrogen and later take on supplies of helium in America.

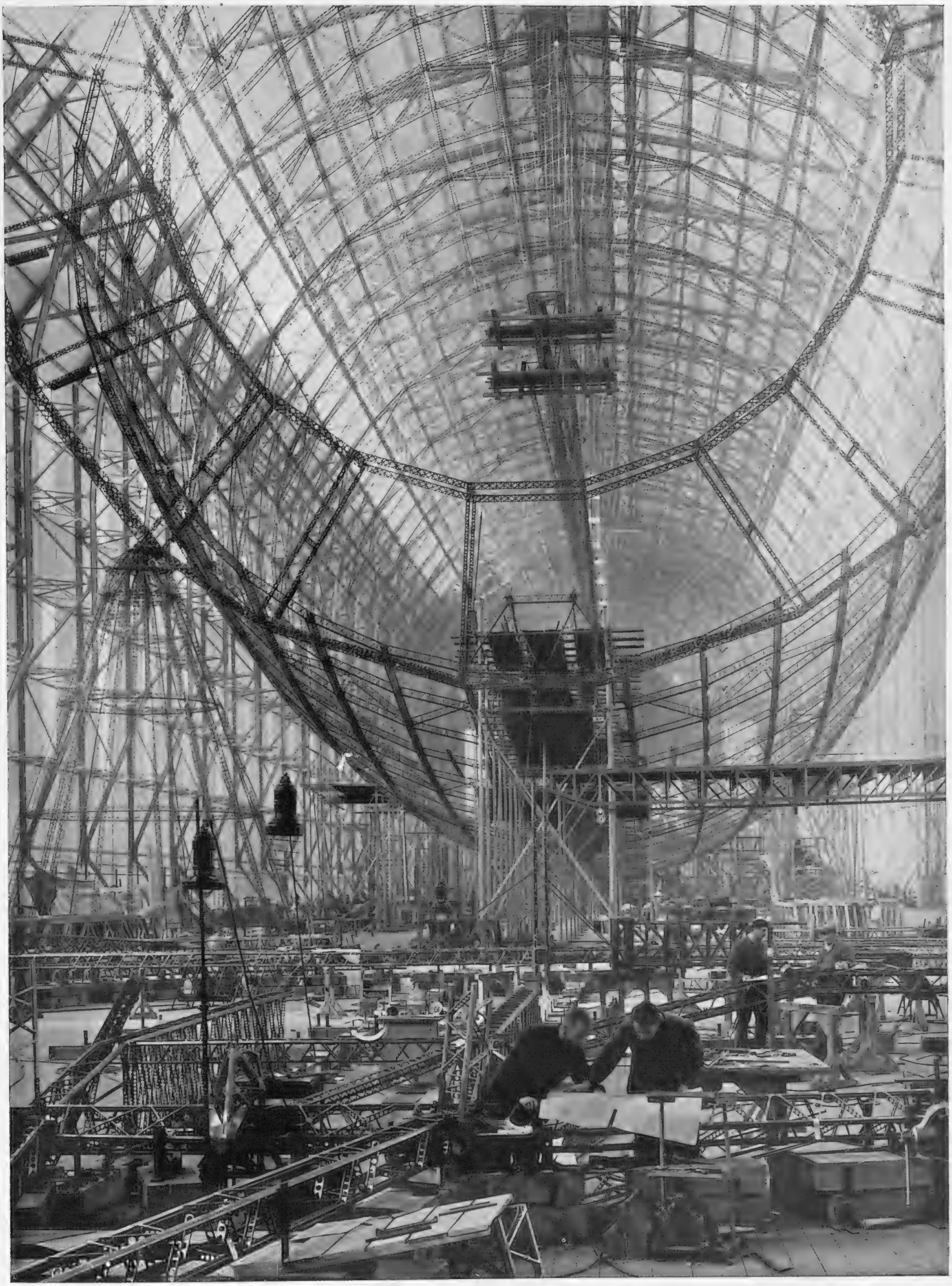
Special attention has been paid to the passenger accommodation. The *Graf Zeppelin* has a main sitting-room, two smaller saloons, and cabins with berths for twenty-four passengers all on one deck covering an area of about 1,100 sq. ft. The *L.Z.129* will have two decks with dining-room, hall, writing and reading rooms, berths for fifty passengers and that most welcome addition to air travel, a smoking room. These will occupy a floor area of about 4,300 sq. ft. or nearly four times that of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

The new ship, though it is nearly twice the size of the *Graf Zeppelin*, will have a speed of only about 83 m.p.h. But it can keep this up day and night and is not dependent on its engines for staying in the air. It should more than halve the time taken by the fastest liner across the North Atlantic at fares which will make this saving well worth while.

Whatever the arguments may be for or against the airship it is in fact the only aircraft which has carried fare-paying passengers across the Atlantic and this it has done to a regular schedule. Although there have been many stunt crossings of the North Atlantic by aeroplane and although mail-only services have been operated by aeroplanes across the South Atlantic, not a single commercial passenger flight has yet been made by heavier-than-air craft. It seems almost certain that the *L.Z.129* will lead the aeroplane by probably two years in commercial operation across the North Atlantic.

It has been known for some time that such interest had been roused in the United States by the achievements of the *Graf Zeppelin* and the construction of the new ship that the Government has been considering for the first time the construction of a large commercial ship for overseas routes. It will be a thousand pities if the loss of the *Macon* should cause the Government to change its policy as regards a commercial ship because of misfortune to a purely military vessel.

In any case the destruction of the *Macon* will not deter Germany from going ahead with the *L.Z. 129* though it may render more difficult the raising of capital for the construction and operation of future vessels. Germany has supreme confidence in the soundness of the Zeppelin designs but just as she studied the lessons to be learnt from the *R 101* disaster and applied them to the construction of the *L.Z. 129* so she will study the lessons to be learnt from the wreck of the *Macon* and apply them to the *L.Z. 130* which will be built after she has been launched.



"L. Z. 129."

Germany's New Zeppelin Under Construction at Friedrichshafen

When in 1930 the *R 101* crashed against the hillside at Beauvais on her flight to India, Britain immediately abandoned her interest in dirigibles. It is probable that the *Macon* disaster will have the same effect in the United States, for that country has been almost as unfortunate as Britain in her experiments with this type of craft. Germany, however, is enjoying a very different experience. To-day the *Graf Zeppelin*, piloted by that aeronautical genius, Herr von Eckener, crosses and re-crosses the South Atlantic with amazing regularity —carrying a full complement of passengers in surroundings as luxurious as on most liners. Encouraged by this success a new and larger ship, the *L.Z. 129*, is now under construction at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance. This picture, taken in the workshop, shows the conical stern (on left) ready to be mounted on to the mass of girders that constitutes the main framework of the hull. In the foreground is one of the engineers discussing the plans with a foreman

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, 1863: A scene during the famous battle of the American Civil War, in which the Federal Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, defeated the Confederate Army of North Virginia, under General Lee. Over 6,000 were killed and 27,000 wounded in this engagement, and many of their dependents are still receiving pensions from the U.S. Treasury

The Bonus Battle

A Survey of the Controversy Now Raging in America as a Result of the Proposal that £500,000,000 Should be Paid Out Immediately to Veterans of the Great War

THE United States Congress is now considering forty Bills which all boil down to a demand that 4,300,000 veterans of the Great War be paid immediately a trifle of two-and-a-half billion dollars, or say, £500,000,000.

Foreign observers are taking a considerable interest in the progress of this so-called "bonus battle" because, although the issue is the great Republic's business and nobody else's, a victory for the bonus champions might have world repercussions in the realm of commodity prices, and the exchanges, and might even retard world recovery by disorganizing the Roosevelt programme, and throwing the world's biggest economic organism into the vicious cycle of inflation.

A little back history is needed to illuminate the bonus battle and bring out in high light the hopes and fears, the rival arguments of the opposing parties. It may be noted at once that the Great War is not the first war America has been involved in, nor is the present argument about financial compensation for soldier participants and their dependents the first argument of its kind to agitate the Republic. It is when they look back and remind themselves of what happened after previous wars that responsible Americans experience a quiver at the knees at thought of what will happen if the Government fails to kill the bonus and the war pensions racket along with it.

The first war the backward-glancing eye lights upon is that of 1812. The last soldier of the war of 1812 died in 1905. But pension benefits are still being paid to five widows, one re-married widow, and one daughter of men who served.

There was then the war with Mexico. The last soldier passed away in 1929; but 415 widows survive, and all are on the pension list.

The Civil War carried the pensions business a large step on. Politics were developing fast by this time, and the professional practitioners had become aware of the opportunities for vote catching and buying in the war pensions field. Pensions for disability in battle, and for dependents of the slain? Obviously. But what about all those who had gallantly answered the call, given up jobs, risked their all, etc.? Inside a decade every veteran and every veteran's widow had been included in the general endowment without reference to financial status or measure of sacrifice. As a result of this scandalous generosity, or elementary justice (which you call it depends on which side of the war compensation argument you happen to be on) Civil War pensions have cost the American public treasury to date £1,540,000,000, and the current annual outlay approximates £20,000,000.

The Spanish–American war came next. This war has cost only £160,000,000 in pensions so far. But the annual draft on the public treasury is still over £22,000,000, because virtually all veterans and war widows are entitled to benefits, and most are still alive. The total enlistment for that war was 392,000, of whom only 15,921 became casualties. How 126,219 persons come to be on the pension roll to-day in connection with that war is one of those peculiarly American riddles which perplex even the average American citizen.

We thus arrive at the Great War. The total number of American male citizens mobilized for that war was 4,300,000. Casualties: 115,660 killed, and 205,690 wounded, or a total of 321,350. Disabled veterans, and dependents of those who lost their lives, are on the regular pensions list. The number of beneficiaries on the regular pensions list doubled in the three years 1930–32. But that is another story.

The so-called bonus, around which the present battle rages, is something else. The American private received pay of £6 a month at home, and £7 4s. overseas. He also had the right to buy low-priced war risk insurance.

The war over, the cry arose that all the 4,300,000 service men had suffered severe financial loss, and should be compensated in cash. A compensation Bill was therefore drafted. Every man was allowed a service credit of 4s. a day for home service, and

FIGHTING FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES: A battle between police officers and "bonus marchers" (American ex-servicemen demanding monetary relief from Congress) when the latter converged on Washington in the summer of 1932 to press their claims

5s. a day for overseas service. Then 25 per cent. was clapped on to the total to cover interest from the end of the War to the date of legislation in 1924. And that was the Bonus Bill.

It came to President Coolidge, that frugal New Englander, who stared at it aghast, and promptly vetoed it. Congress passed it over his veto. Thus, in 1925, America's ex-service men got, in lieu of a service pension, twenty-year endowment insurance

Facts and Figures About U.S. War Pensions

Men Mobilized for the Great War	4,300,000
Number of Casualties - - -	321,350
Claims for Pensions - - - -	1,904,000
Bonus Payment to Veterans Would Cost in Cash - - - - -	£500,000,000

Civil War Pensions are Still Costing America £20,000,000 a Year.
Payments to Date £1,540,000,000.

policies, maturing twenty years from issue date, i.e., in 1945. If a veteran dies, his compensation certificate matures; his widow and children receive the face-value of the certificate, less the amount loaned against it. (It was in 1931 that Congress politicians yielded to the agitation for immediate payment to the point of passing a compromise measure whereby veterans could borrow up to 50 per cent. of the face-value of their insurance certificates.)

The present uproar, and the forty Bills aforesaid, represent the latest stage in the battle to get immediate cash compensation for the 4,300,000 mobilized men. An idea exists abroad that these veterans are organized in a mighty army whose inexorable pressure stampedes politicians. But the fact is that there are a number of ex-servicemen's organizations, and that only about 1,300,000 of the 4,300,000 belong to one or other of them. A substantial minority within the organizations oppose the bonus and the pensions racket.

The 3,000,000 veterans who belong to no ex-service society are a cross-section of the American people, ranging from billionaires to bums. But if a majority here is against the bonus and a liberalization of pension policy, on the ground that the strain on the Treasury would imperil their property, savings, life insurance, and maybe their livelihood, its pressure upon the average Congress politician is not comparable to the pressure of the organized bonus and we-want-pensions army. Not that the average Congress politician wants much pressing to vote money away.

But another factor is exerting a powerful political influence on the side of the bonus. Payment would have to be in newly printed dollar bills, or by way of a bond issue. Could the Government credit stand a 2,300,000,000 dollars bond issue on top of gigantic relief and public works expenditure, aggregating £800,000,000 for the current financial year, and with spending envisaged at £1,577,000 against revenue of only £800,000,000? Probably not.

Anyway, payment of the bonus would not be the end of the story. Those who oppose it say that it would only provide the platform for a new and powerful demand for service pensions. The money would be spent. The cry would arise that those who had given their all, etcetera, at the call of their country, were now destitute. They must be looked after by a State deeply indebted to them. Pensions . . .

The dilemma can easily be imagined of a President, concerned to protect Government credit, and opposed to inflation, if Congress fails him, and lets a pay-the-bonus Bill get through to his desk.

Mathematicians meantime may amuse themselves working out this problem: If the Spanish-American war with 15,921 casualties shows 127,219 on the pension roll in 1935 at a cost of £22,000,000 a year, what will the Great War, with casualties of 321,350, cost the American taxpayers if the bonus goes through and the pension list is liberalized along the lines of those former wars?

C. Patrick Thompson

NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS: Cavalry and whippet tanks posted in the streets of Washington to keep order among the "bonus marchers" on their arrival in the city

Heirs of Genghis Khan

The People of Mongolia who are Fighting such a Desperate Battle to Maintain Their Independence

MONGOLIAN ARISTOCRATS: *Left*—The wife of the Deva Kong—a Prince who is a direct descendant of Genghis Khan, the great conqueror, and Kublai Khan, the Chinese Emperor. She is short in build, with the high cheekbones of her race, and wears the most elaborate ear-rings of coral, turquoise, and agate. Her rich headdress glitters with pure gold. Standing next to her is her servant. *Right*—Another woman of noble birth

AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS: Priests, soldiers and a Mongolian lady outside two of the yurts (huts) in the camp of the Deva Kong. Although the genealogical tree of this Mongolian Prince goes back to the eleventh century, he is not the power in the land that his ancestors were, and, whereas his forefathers could muster huge armies, he can rely for self-defence only on the support of a dozen faithful but poorly-armed men. To-day these nomads are making a valiant effort to maintain their age-old independence, but pressure from Russia on the west, and from China on the east, makes it apparent that they are fighting a losing battle

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ON THE ROAD FROM KALGAN: A sturdy Mongol photographed as he was riding along the old caravan route that leads to Siberia and Russia. At the beginning of the present century thousands of tons of tea and textiles passed this way each year, and over 100,000 camels were employed for transport purposes

WANDERERS THROUGH THE DESOLATE STEPPES: The yurts of a Mongolian Prince. These dwellings, which are made of felt and are often beautifully furnished, are so built that they can be dismantled and carried by the camels when, at varying times during the year, the people move with their sheep, horses, and cattle in search of better grazing grounds

DESCENDANTS OF THE CONQUEROR: Warriors who, in outward
petty Mongol chieftain lived in the twelfth and thirteenth c
dominion over a large portion of the Asian Continent. He actual
himself to be not only

NOMADS OF CENTRAL ASIA

Life on the Mongolian Plains

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL PROTECTION: A distant view of the palace of Prince Teh Wang, leader of the Mongolian Independence movement. It is surrounded by strongly-built, white walls—defences against the bandit hordes that ravage the plains. In the foreground is an "obo," a pile of stones from which prayer flags are flying to keep away the evil spirits

ward appearance, have changed but little since the days of Genghis Khan. This son of a th centuries and succeeded, through the extraordinary mobility of his army, in exercising ctually penetrated as far west as the Caspian Sea and as far south as India; and proved only a brilliant soldier but a skilful administrator

A fine-looking Mongolian warrior of to-day

SALUTING HIS TRIBAL CHIEF

Mongolia's Fight for Independence

CONTRAST: The Buick in which the author of the accompanying article toured Mongolia, seen at a camp on the Steppe

An Account of a Visit to the Country and a Survey of Prevailing Conditions

By WALTER BOSSHARD

IN Peiping the train we boarded for Kalgan was crowded with merchants, soldiers, women, and children.

In China there are two kinds of railroad cars, the cars used for native travellers and those kept in reserve for foreign tourists. I had travelled a few days before on one of those luxurious tourist trains equipped with all modern conveniences, including a dining-car in which white-clad servants were in attendance. None of these Western refinements were to be had on this second trip, however, and my companion, who had landed from America ten days previously, recoiled at this first close contact with the honest-to-goodness dirt of China.

The locomotives are changed at Nankou, where the fertile plain which surrounds Peiping ceases abruptly and the traveller catches a first glimpse of the high mountains which conceal the Mongolian plateau. A powerful American locomotive of the type used in the Rockies is hitched to the rear of the train, which starts climbing up a narrow gorge. We soon reach the Great Wall, which looks like a gigantic snake clinging to the rocky heights and the strategic Nankou Pass, through which the Mongolian invaders descended into the rich Chinese plain, and through which they were driven back to their native steppes, centuries later, by Manchu warriors.

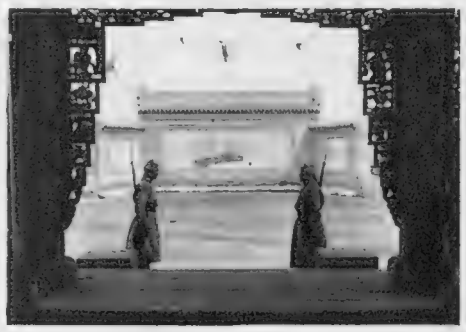
Nankou is the military key to the whole of Northern China, and at this point the Great Wall changes from a snake into an octopus, throwing its tentacles in all directions. But Nankou, its caravanserai, and its formidable barrier are now a heap of ruins.

Since the opening of the railroad, which carries goods much more cheaply, the great caravans no longer come through the pass, and soldiers can no longer defend against modern artillery the Great Chinese Wall built to resist the onslaught of warriors armed with bows and arrows.

After Nankou the landscape changes, trees become sparse, towns and villages are enclosed by high walls, large flocks of sheep and a few camels appear. The atmosphere becomes almost prehistoric. We are nearing Mongolia, and when we leave the train at Kalgan a new world confronts us. As if we had just landed from H. G. Wells' time-travelling machine we have the impression of having gone back several centuries in human history.

Kalgan was formerly the most important trading centre of Southern, Northern, and Western Mongolia. Every year camel caravans came in long, slow-moving processions bringing wool, furs, and salt from Central Asia. Mongolian merchants trek from distant and lonely settlements to buy tea, textiles, and shoes from local traders, but the Mongolian caravans now carry their precious wares to the South Manchurian and Chinese railroads. Eastern and Western civilizations have met again and the West seems to have triumphed in Kalgan, as this once-flourishing city is now but a mere vestige.

In spite of its remoteness Mongolia has for centuries been closely linked to both the Eastern and Western worlds. Two outstanding figures have arisen in her midst and changed the course of history.



THE ROYAL BODYGUARD: Soldiers, armed with primitive rifles, on duty outside the palace of Prince Teh Wang

HEIRLOOMS: The Deva Kong receiving guests in his yurt, which is full of primitive furniture and treasures handed down to him by his ancestors

THE DEVA KONG: The Mongol Prince who traces his ancestry back in direct line to Genghis Khan. He is sixty years old

PRINCE TEH WANG, a relation of the Deva Kong and, as the leader of the Independence Movement, the most powerful figure in Inner Mongolia to-day. He is determined that his country shall not be dominated by China

Son of a tribal chief, Genghis Khan rallied to his banner all the scattered nomads who roamed the Mongolian plateau, and from Korea to the banks of the Indus exacted tribute from khans and princes. His generals conquered Persia and Turkey, and advanced as far as the Dnieper. They reached Liegnitz in 1214, but suddenly turned back because of the death of their leader, Prince Ogotai, one of the four sons of Genghis.

Historians claim that the conquest of Asia Minor which brought the Mongols to the doors of Europe cost eighteen million lives.

After the son of Genghis, his grandson Kublai Khan sat on the throne of the Chinese Emperors, and Marco Polo has described in his *Travels* the pomp and splendour of Kublai Khan's Court in Peking.

This new life of ease and luxury proved fatal to the stamina of these nomads used to constant hardship, and their power declined. They were conquered by the Chinese and later by the Manchu Emperors. Thrown back to their native steppes, they continued to lead a nomadic and patriarchal life until the fall of the T'sing dynasty in 1911. Their religious leader, the Hutuktu, refused his allegiance to the new-born Chinese Republic and proclaimed his independence. He had the support of Russia who had long wished to create a buffer State and to bring Mongolia within her sphere of influence.

During the War while Russia needed every available man on the German front, the Chinese sent 4,000 soldiers to Urga (now Ulan Bator) and the Mongol princes again became vassals of China. The deadly struggle between white and red in Russia had its repercussion in Mongolia and, after the short reign of Baron Ungern Sternberg, Outer Mongolia came completely under the sway of the U.S.S.R., while Inner Mongolia, which had remained an immense pasture field held as common property by all the nomad tribes, became a Chinese colony. The Chinese Republic immediately forbade the common ownership of land which from time immemorial the Mongols had held as a birthright and passed from father to son. Mongolia was proclaimed Chinese territory and Chinese immigrants settled on the best pasture land, forcing the Mongols to retreat to the edge of the Gobi desert.

In twenty years this invasion launched on a 1,000-mile front has advanced 95 miles inland, with sporadic revolts on the part of the Mongols who expelled the Chinese settlers. Under the protection of Chinese troops, however, the settlers have always returned in ever increasing numbers. Despite widespread discontent, no leader arose among the Mongols to defend their native soil. The Mongolian nobility was not averse to accepting bribes from Chinese Government officials, but the conquest of Manchuria by Japan has finally united the princes under the leadership of the Teh Wang, one of the descendants of the great Genghis.

Having decided to visit the Teh Wang and obtained the necessary authorization, we had at our disposal an American car in Kalgan, loaded it with food and camping supplies and hired the services of Schiloff, a Mongolian chauffeur, who claims he knows every prince and bandit in the land. He is also able to negotiate skilfully the narrow streets and alleys of Kalgan which, however suitable they may have been for camel caravans, are neither safe nor convenient for motor traffic.

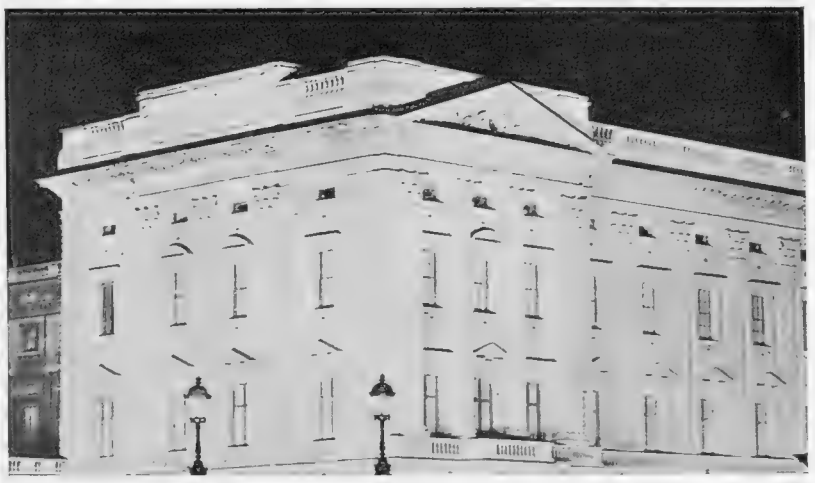
In order to enter Inner Mongolia an admission fee must be paid by all foreigners, and as we reach the city gate the Chinese authorities insist on collecting fifty dollars from us as a road tax. May they be forgiven, for they know not whereof they speak. The thing they call a road, and for the use of which they collect a tax, is nothing but a narrow river bed paved at random with decrepit flag stones and cut here

(Continued on p. 296)

FLOOD-LIGHTING or SPOT-LIGHTING?

Two Methods of Illuminating Public Buildings which are Likely to be Employed During the Jubilee Celebrations —The Advantages of the Latter System Illustrated

SPOT-LIGHTING AT ITS BEST: The Queen Victoria Memorial illuminated in such a manner that the sculpture is made to stand out boldly against the shadows



A FLOOD-LIGHTING EXPERIMENT: The south wing of Buckingham Palace when it was first lit up. The too-dazzling brilliance obscured the beautiful detail of the columns, so this method has been abandoned in favour of that shown below

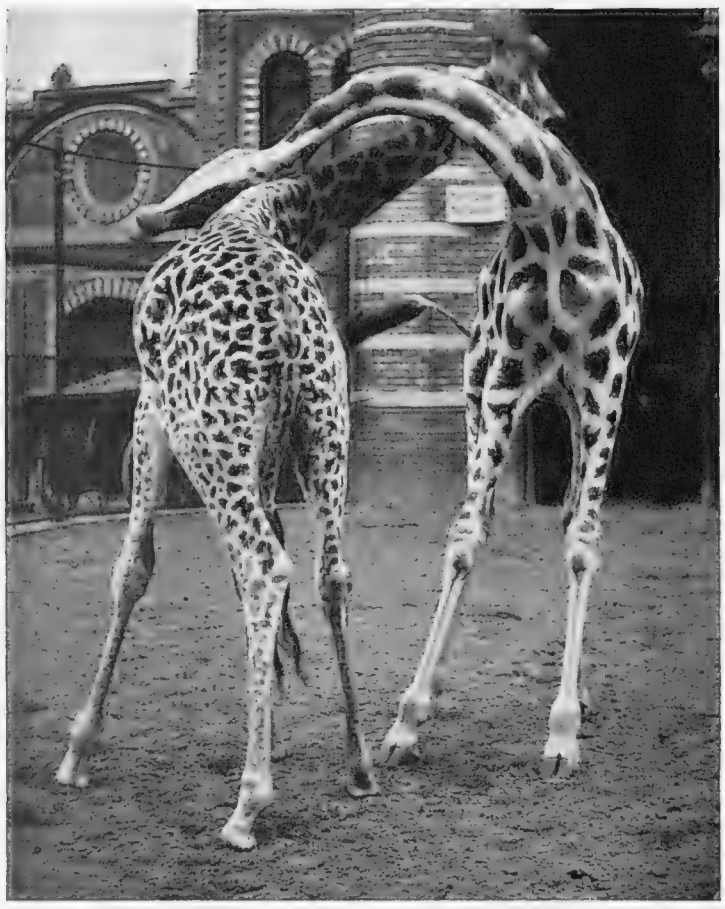
AS IT WILL LOOK IN JUBILEE WEEK: A view of a section of the south wing of Buckingham Palace when spot-lit, showing, after comparison with the picture at the top of this page, the outstanding advantages and the more artistic effects obtainable by employing this system

THE CHARM OF CONTRAST: Two more examples of carefully planned spot-lighting demonstrating how light and shadow intermingled produce a scene of great beauty. *Left*—Looking through the arch of Burlington House. *Right*—The Foreign Office from the Horse Guards Parade

A FAILURE AND A SUCCESS: *Left*—Westminster Abbey flood-lit so that all appearance of solidity is lost. One comment regarding this display was that "it made the venerable pile look as if it was a cardboard structure on a film set." *Right*—A clever spot-lighting scheme employed at the National Gallery, with the columns brought into relief against the illuminated interior of the portico

WOOING at the ZOO

A Remarkable Series of Camera Studies



A TOUCHING MOMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Giraffe in an acrobatic caress

The elephants exchange greetings in their own peculiar way

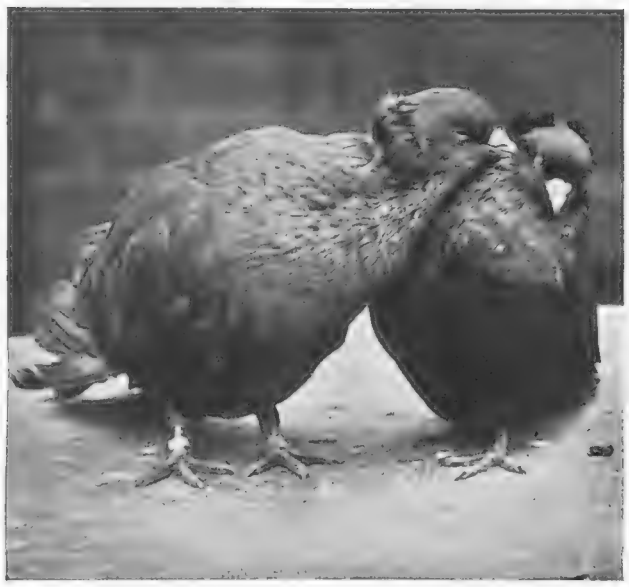
TRUNK CALL

REGISTERING AFFECTION

The rhinos express their mutual regard for each other

While he pops the question, she looks bashful

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE



WHISPERING SWEET NOTHINGS

Talking it over in the aviary

The tiger and tigress provide a study in contentment

MATRIMONIAL BLISS

TO COMMEMORATE CONSTABLE: Picturesque Dedham village, Essex, which it has been suggested should be preserved as a memorial to John Constable. The great landscape artist spent the early years of his life here, and painted many scenes in the surrounding countryside. In a recent letter to the Press Mr. A. J. Munnings gave his support to the proposal and urged that the place should be kept unspoilt from the hand of the modern builder

By Ferry to the Meet

The York and Ainsty (South) pack at Naburn where they crossed the Ouse on the way to a recent meet at Escrick. The river divides this hunting country into two equal parts

PEPPER-PICKING IN LOUISIANA: Negroes at work on a plantation. The plants are propagated by cuttings. They come into bearing within four years, and then yield two crops annually for about twelve years. When the berries begin to change from green to red they are gathered and spread on mats to dry in the sun

THIS PEPPER BUSINESS

Some Illuminating Facts about the Recent Crisis in Mincing Lane

By CHARLES GRAVES

NO doubt several people have already suggested to H. M. Bateman that he should do a drawing of the Man who Sneezed in Mincing Lane. Certainly, with this pepper crisis, it is a sad thoroughfare, particularly in the rain. Not being a member of the General Produce Brokers' Association I could not make my way into the London Commercial Salerooms in Mincing Lane, but through the glass swing doors I was able to descry one gloomy-looking broker standing by the fireplace in a pepper-coloured suit. Nobody was talking to him. In this large, bare hall which, as I said a long time ago in THE SPHERE, looks like the dingy ante-room of a delapidated casino, the men who trade in pepper used to walk around during the day avoiding each other almost like the plague. Then just at five o'clock, when the place was closing, they would go into a huddle by the fireplace, a spot occupied during the day by the copra market. They, the pepper brokers, were always the last to leave the building. To-day, dealing in pepper is purely nominal owing to the present crisis, pepper having been officially fixed at the price of 8½d. a pound spot cash, and 7½d. for future delivery (including cost, freight, and insurance).

Many people must wonder how it is that an old-established firm like Rolls and Son should find itself "posted." The reason is quite simple. In the Liverpool Cotton Market a price for cotton is struck every Monday, and the cotton brokers have to meet their obligations once a week. This means to say that nobody can be really badly caught. If a client cannot meet his liabilities with, let us say, a two-hundred-pound or thousand-pound call, he is promptly sold out before the damage can get any worse. In the case of pepper, it can be sold forward for as much as four months, though usually it will be over a period of one month, two months, or three months. During that period anything can happen, as has just been proved. By the rules of the General Produce Brokers' Association, any agent acting for a client must make good his default. Thus J. F. Adair and Company and Rolls and Son have gone smash because their clients, James and Shakespeare, were unable to meet their liabilities, and in consequence are in the hands of an official liquidator.

What has happened has been that James and Shakespeare bought vast quantities of pepper ahead and have been unable to sell it to other people before it arrived in the Port of London. The idea behind purchasing such quantities was obviously to corner the market, and raise the price of pepper, which has a basic value of about 7d. per lb., to a considerably higher figure. For some time this scheme was successful, and the price mounted to 1s. 3d., in fact, double its previous figure. Unfortunately, the syndicate which was buying up all the pepper was not very well advised. It had been thought that when 4,000 tons had been corralled this was all that was necessary. They had reckoned, however, without the intelligence of the sellers—in this case the shippers. The price that pepper commands in the United States is much lower than what it is in England. In consequence, large quantities of pepper were diverted from the cheaper market in the United States to London.

In addition to this, the price of pepper having risen so high, it was found profitable in the Far East and elsewhere to pick wild pepper, bleach it at the cost of twopence a pound, and then to send it to London. Another factor which may have been overlooked by the pepper pool was that Germany has little or no foreign credit, and is in consequence unable to buy pepper. This is an important point because the Germans with their highly spiced sausages and other national foods were formerly great consumers, and consequently great buyers of pepper.

Where does pepper come from? It is grown chiefly in the Dutch East Indies, China, and Siam. The plant grows to a height of about four yards, and the berry is picked as it turns from green to red. From classical times pepper has been highly valued. When Alaric, the Goth, captured Rome, he demanded a ton of pepper as part of the ransom. It was pepper which made the Portuguese so eager to discover a sea route to India. In the Middle Ages pepper was exceedingly costly, and in the seventeenth century the tax was 5s. per lb. Nowadays pepper is in much less demand than before. Highly spiced foods are no longer fashionable or popular.

I have in front of me two pepper contracts issued by the General Produce Brokers' Association of London. One is C.I.F. (cost, freight and insurance); the other is for forward delivery. The latter demands that the tenders should be made in units of five tons, ninety-two cwt. being the minimum. On the back are the rules and conditions of sale. Clause Eight reads "In the event of the buyer failing to fulfil the terms of the contract the goods may be resold immediately either by public or private sale." In the present crisis there is so much pepper available for sale that if advantage were taken of this clause the price of pepper would probably tumble to 5d. a pound or even less. In consequence, an arrangement has been reached among the interested parties not to have a sale of the pepper owned by James and Shakespeare.

In the ordinary way 5,000 tons a year of pepper is consumed in this country, so that unless extraordinary steps are taken the present amount will take four years to get rid of. What surprises me is that nobody comes forward with a scheme to produce a branded pepper on the lines of, let us say, Cerebos salt or Colman's mustard, and then, having arranged to give the first profits of the sale of any pepper they bought from the liquidators to rehabilitate the unfortunate employees of the bankrupt firms, to launch a selling campaign. If the name of some famous sporting peer were coupled with the campaign, it seems possible that the public would respond to the sporting effort and at least a high percentage of the surplus stock would be consumed in a very short time. After all, pepper is not a costly article of food.

I may say that by good luck I met one of the few men in the City who has made a real packet out of the drop in the price of pepper. It was over a year ago that his attention was drawn to the fact that there were 1,900 tons of pepper in London—an amount nearly double the usual quantity. At the same time the price per pound had risen considerably. Therefore he decided to sell short. "It does not give me any pleasure to see people losing all their money," he said, "but as the price of pepper had been raised artificially I saw no reason why I should not go for it." As a matter of fact it was a month ago that he started to sell short when pepper stood at 1s. 3d. a pound. To-day at its agreed price of 7½d. for futures (and he does not have to complete his transaction before April) it seems that he has exactly doubled his fortune, or rather that amount of his fortune which he invested in this speculation.

Again, to compare the pepper market with the Liverpool cotton market, limited companies are not allowed in the Liverpool cotton market. In consequence liability cannot be limited, and if you are a member who has been let down, your creditors can come on to you for everything you have got—your house, home, wife and children. Adair and Company, which with Rolls and Son is said to be owed about £1,500,000, is a limited company with a capital of only £30,000. It is also a point that if you go to Court (having found yourself unable to meet your liabilities) and plead the Gaming Act, it will do you no good, for if you buy pepper, either spot or forward, there is always enough to be handed over to you if you really want it.

It has been suggested in the House of Commons that speculation in raw material like pepper has been stimulated by abnormally cheap money. The Government's reply to this was that speculation in commodities is not specially characteristic of periods of cheap money, but is found whenever there is increasing confidence in future prospects.

Well, there you are. J. F. Adair and Company has presented its petition for its winding up. Rolls and Son were regretfully posted in Mincing Lane, and it is now only to be hoped that the Pepper Sales Control Committee will manage somehow to correct a situation already alleviated to a certain extent by some of the banks. It might even arrange to have a weekly settlement day in future.

HOT CARGO: A large consignment of pepper from the East Indies being unloaded at the London Docks. Owing to the recent attempt to corner the market, England has far more pepper in stock than she can possibly cope with, and it will be at least four years before existing supplies have been consumed

A THRILLER in the MAKING

Scenes at the Gaumont-British Studios where Alfred Hitchcock is Producing the Film Version of John Buchan's Famous Novel, "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

A STARTLING REVELATION: Robert Donat as Richard Hannay and Lucy Manheim as the woman spy who discloses to him the elaborate scheme of an international gang to obtain vital secrets relating to Britain's air defences

BAULKED: While Hannay is escaping across the moors, his pursuers, hot on his heels, are forced by a flock of sheep to bring their car to a stop on a bridge. This life-like scene was actually enacted on a set built in the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherds Bush, as weather conditions have not been sufficiently favourable to allow of shots being made in the highlands

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1: Richard Hannay comes face to face with the master spy (Godfrey Tearle) who, finding that Hannay knows too much and is likely to endanger the success of his plans, makes a vain attempt to kill him

A FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW AND THE LAWLESS: The crofter's wife (Peggy Ashcroft) is called up in the middle of the night when Richard Hannay, who is trying to escape the clutches both of the police and the spies, knocks at the door and asks to be given shelter

IN THE LIMELIGHT: Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll, the heroine, in another scene in the "highlands" of Shepherds Bush. The photographic background is particularly successful in conveying the misty atmosphere of the Scottish hills. Both these players are making a big name for themselves in films

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THOSE with a taste for historical fiction of the type made popular by the publication of *Jew Süss* will find much food for their appetite in Miss Helen Simpson's new novel, SARABAND FOR DEAD LOVERS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

Sophia-Dorothea might have been Queen of England, was the mother of a king of England, and grandmother of Frederick the Great. As a child-bride, upon the author's word, she fainted at the first sight of her husband, and "bit him till the blood was salt in her mouth" on her wedding night. This unwelcome spouse was the future George I, of whom his mother (a granddaughter of James I and the most attractive creation in this book) remarked, "So thick is the crust around his brains that I defy any man, or woman either, to prove they exist."

Dorothea's romance, and her tragedy, was bound up with the handsome Swedish adventurer, von Königsmark. Into this story is woven a wealth of adventure and intrigue, with all the spice and coarseness of the life surrounding the petty German princes of that day.

It is a colourful, powerful, and altogether satisfying story; certainly one of the best books this gifted novelist has given us.

Another piece of novelized biography is Mr. Irving Stone's LUST FOR LIFE (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). With a greater historical accuracy Mr. Stone has used the life of Vincent van Gogh as Somerset Maugham used Gaugin in *The Moon and Sixpence*.

It is magnificent material, the story of this Dutchman, greatest of the post-impressionists, touched with the divine spark, living on the brink of madness, dying a tragic death.

What a fine story this is. And there is writing in it worthy of the subject's own masterpieces; descriptive passages that burn and glow in unforgettable colour. The triumph and tragedy of a great painter could have no nobler setting.

Mr. Francis Beeding has always been one of my favourites among the writers of the "international gang" type of thriller, and I was not disappointed in his latest book, DEATH IN FOUR LETTERS (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

When it is pointed out that the four letters are S.I.D.A., which stand for the Syndicat International des Armements, the quality of the thrills can be judged.

Two of the major excitements are a description of a concentration camp, and a close-up of the Chancellor of Germany thinly disguised as Herr Hagen.

It is true that a few of the situations are more banal than that. The kidnapping of the hero's wife seems an invariable last resort of unchivalrous criminals. But the test of this kind of tale lies in the telling, and in the pace. Here Mr. Beeding is an expert, as he is at vivid character drawing, and the story moves briskly to an exciting finish.

BENES, STATESMAN OF CENTRAL EUROPE (Routledge. 12s. 6d.), seems to have been written with the object of making the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister better known to the English-speaking world.

The author, M. Pierre Crabites, considers him the only man capable of avoiding a European war in the near future. He writes: "A leader will have to be found to lead the battalions of peace against the perils which menace civilization. French politics are now so complicated that I fear that France cannot supply the statesmen called for by existing conditions. England appears to be reluctant to assume the mantle of leadership. I am convinced that Eduard Benes is the one man who has the courage, the driving power, and the brain to save the world."

M. Crabites has a command of a vast amount of accurate historical knowledge, but it is doubtful whether he actually proves his point—that the moving spirit of the Little Entente is a potential saviour of peace.

The volume of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's new book of collected essays EXPERIENCE (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) has an autobiographical thread which gives it an added charm for those with a taste for the remembrance of things past.

For all his confession that he would rather have been a "special reporter" covering the more acutely disastrous things of everyday life, Mr. MacCarthy manages to invest his more cultured paths with commentary equally as vivid, and possibly more lasting. Here is a book to browse with, not only to-day, or for a few days, but one which, if easily accessible upon your shelves, will always give pleasure in a companionable moment.

A TRAGIC CONSORT: Sophia Dorothea, the wife of Prince George of Hanover (afterwards George I, of England), who is one of the central figures in Helen Simpson's historical novel *Saraband for Dead Lovers*, which has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann. The marriage took place in 1682, and Sophia bore two children—one of whom was destined to be George II, and the other to be Queen of Frederick William I of Prussia. The conjugal relations of the couple, however, were decidedly unhappy; partly on account of the prince's amour with Madame von dem Bussche and partly because of his prejudice against his mother-in-law. Later the princess was accused of a criminal intrigue with Count Philip von Königsmark, a Swedish adventurer, and sentence of divorce and banishment was pronounced against her on the ground of malicious desertion

RICHARD CHURCH: A sketch by Robert Austin of the author of *The Apple of Concord*—a new novel issued this week by J. M. Dent and Sons

A NOVELIST AT HOME: Anthony Gibbs, author of *The New Crusade*, *London Symphony* and a new book still without a title which is to be published shortly, seen with his son, Philip

A Library Reminder List

Fiction

THREE ENGLISHMEN (Hutchinson). All the merits (and possibly the defects) of an authentic best seller. Extraordinarily readable and lively. The best Gilbert Frankau novel since *Peter Jackson*.

THE POACHER, by H. E. Bates (Cape). If you like simple but excellent prose, or if you just love the English countryside, this is the story for you.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER, by V. S. Pritchett (Chatto and Windus), is an unevenly good book about what one might call tannery *mœurs*. Good character drawing, but a flagging plot.

NOW IN NOVEMBER, by Josephine Johnson (Gollancz). The best American critics have been unanimous in praise of this saga of the hard, bitter life on a poverty-stricken farm.

SINBAD THE SOLDIER, by P. C. Wren (Murray). The author has a big public and he gives them exactly what they want. Adventure, and a hero called Sinclair Dysart, and the Life Guards, and more adventure.

THE WOLVES, by Guy Mazeline (Lovat Dickson), is a translation from the French of the Prix Goncourt winner of 1932. Very long, rather involved story of ship-owner's life in Havre. Naturally not without merit.

THE MILLS OF GOD, by Ernst Lothar (Secker), is another translation. A moving and tender story of the devotion of a middle-aged couple, faced with a terrible crisis. Sentiment, and not sentimentality.

A HOUSE DIVIDED, by Pearl S. Buck (Methuen). The closing volume of the trilogy of life in China, and the rise of the Wang family in particular. Inimitably written by an author who knows her China well.

QUET'S, by Virginia and Frank Vernon (Muller). Paris of this day and age lightly and amusingly treated in a novel which centres on a famous Champs Elysées café.

I AM YOUR BROTHER, by G. S. Marlowe (Collins). A bad dream come true, or a mad kind of thriller. Occasionally a little difficult to follow, but undeniably exciting.

OVER THE WATER, by Carola Oman (Hodder and Stoughton). This is a novel about Scotland and about the young Prince Charles, generally, and I think inaccurately, known as Bonnie Prince Charlie. Not, however, a commonplace novel, but written with intelligence and dignity.

THE RESPECTABLE MAN, by H. W. Yoxall (Barker). The struggle between the creative impulse and the need to keep a roof over your wife's head. Mr. Yoxall's hero votes, unwillingly, for a roof, and much to his surprise, finds his choice successful.

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA, by John O'Hara (Faber and Faber). Very fast moving story of country club life—and death. Necessarily in the American idiom, but none the worse for that.

IN THE LAST COACH, by Leonhard Frank (Bodley Head). Eight short stories of distinction, by the author of *Carl and Anna*.

A DERBYSHIRE TRAGEDY, by F. C. Boden (Dent). A pitiless, grim, but authentic story of the coal mining district of the Midlands.

THE KING OF THE JEWS, by Mary Borden (Heinemann). An imaginative reconstruction of the period between the Crucifixion and the Ascension. Sincere, reverent, and unorthodox.

General

BUFFALO, by Conyers Lang (Ivor Nicholson and Watson). Real adventure and genuine excitement. I cannot remember ever having read of anything as physically terrifying as the author's encounter with a wild buffalo.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN, the autobiography of Fred Walker (Harrap). From English public school boy to bartender, from policeman to bandit; there was nothing monotonous in this life.

PIGEON HOO, by Franklin Lushington (Faber and Faber). An exquisite and at the same time common-sense collection of essays on the buying of a small country house. Unusual, and not at all precious.

CONSERVATISM AND THE FUTURE (Heinemann). Two members of the House of Lords and five members of the House of Commons give their suggestions for a constructive policy.

HUIC HOLLOA! by "Spider" Jacobson (Sampson Low). Riding reminiscences, agreeably written and unpretentious. Pre-War part with "those were the days" atmosphere most attractive.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Chapman and Hall). The third and final volume of the adventures of the Bounty and her mutineers. Ingenious reconstruction of history, racily told.

STUFF AND NONSENSE, by Beachcomber (Cape), Selections from the famous humorist's daily column, and really funny.

A TIME TO KEEP, by Halliday Sutherland (Geoffrey Bles). More memoirs from the doctor-philosopher whose *Arches of the Years* was one of last season's successes.

OLYMPIA, by Coleridge Kennard (Barker). A fantasy in the tradition of the Persian Poets. Not everybody's taste, but has the merit of tempering romance with cynicism.

MUSIC

A DIFFICULT PASSAGE: Three studies of Arturo Toscanini, the great Italian conductor, who, in June, will give four concerts at the London Musical Festival. This will be his first visit to this country since he was here five years ago with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

A MASTER WITH THE BATON: Toscanini was born at Parma in 1867, and began his career as a 'cellist. Between 1898 and 1915 he was conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in 1922 went to the Scala, Milan, to act in a similar capacity. He has a great dislike of being photographed

THE MAN WHO WROTE "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER": Oscar Straus, the Austrian composer, photographed at a concert in Vienna

MODESTY: Fritz Kreisler, who created a sensation a few days ago when he made the admission that he himself was the author of the many works which he had previously described as only his arrangements of the compositions of classical composers

A VIENNA PREMIÈRE: Paul Abraham with Maria Losseff, the actress, at the first night of *Ball at the Savoy*, the film version of his popular musical show

A NOTABLE TRIO: *Left*—Carmen Weingartner, wife of the famous conductor of the same name, rehearsing her orchestra for a concert in the Musikvereinsaal in Vienna. *Centre*—Another study of Fritz Kreisler who is now engaged in touring the provinces. A few weeks ago he received a tremendous ovation when he appeared in London, and once again demonstrated his ability to fill every seat in the Albert Hall. *Right*—Giula Bustabo, the young American violinist, whose recital at the Queen's Hall earlier in the month was such a pronounced success

ENTR'ACTE: The Hollywood beauties who are appearing in Clifford Whitley's revue, *Stop Press*, relaxing during an interval in rehearsals at the Adelphi Theatre

PLAYS of TO-DAY

A FRENCH DRAMA: Ann Todd, who stars with Leslie Banks in *Man of Yesterday*, which succeeded *The Wind and the Rain* (transferred to the Queen's) at the St. Martin's this week. The play is an adaptation by Dion Titheridge of Jean Bommart's *Le Revenant*

"Viceroy Sarah"—Queen Anne and her Court at the Whitehall: "Barnet's Folly," a Cotswold Comedy at the Haymarket

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

THERE is a firm tradition held in masculine minds that *au fond* women are disloyal, and that real friendship is impossible between them. The majority of women smile sweetly—very sweetly—and insist that the charm of their dearest feminine friends means more to them than the flatteries of ephemeral romance, while domesticity would be unendurable without the spice of sympathetic, feminine understanding. But I am afraid that the majority of women, in that "sweet insistence," are lying, and know that they are lying; believing that the masculine tradition is right.

Real friendship can and does exist between women, but it is rare, and the women concerned are usually exceptional, whether by reason of talent, appearance, or a masculine trend of thought. When there is a glittering prize to be won and a woman is faced with the choice of giving up her chance of it or betraying a feminine friendship, she seldom remembers that the word loyalty exists in the English language. And it is a sad fact that the unwise wife who begs her best friend to "keep an eye" on her husband during her absence, will often return to find that eye has been more "glad" than watchful, and she—unless she can deal very promptly with the situation—in all probability is left to discover alimony the sole topic of domestic conversation.

Accordingly, in *Viceroy Sarah*, produced at the Whitehall Theatre, women will find considerable interest, for the treachery of a woman to her female benefactor, for her own advantage, forms a great part of the play's theme.

Befriending her Supplanter.—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough (Irene Vanbrugh) nourished the snake in her bosom, her cousin Abigail Hill (Olga Lindo). She brought her penniless to Court, put her near the person of the Queen, imagining that she was entrenching one of her own supporters.

And Abigail found that Queen Anne had a little weakness; indulging in it was prohibited by medical advice, which mentioned that Canary wine, or brandy, or the like, had at no time been considered a cure for gout. Poor Queen Anne! Abigail did not care whether she suffered tortures from the gout at all. She only knew that creeping soft-footed to her mistress with a cup of "cold tea" gained her considerable favour, and induced intimacy between a waiting-woman and her Queen.

Little by little she stole into Sarah's place in the Queen's affections; eventually, she, the poor dependant, joyfully found herself in the position to dismiss the "great lady" through whom she had set her foot on the ladder by which she had climbed to position and power.

Hers, then, were the golden keys of office which carried not only emolument, but security at that dizzy height. Abigail hurled Sarah into retirement and ruled in her stead.

In this play *Viceroy Sarah*, by Norman Ginsbury, Abigail does not seem a very attractive personality in her treachery. Olga Lindo presents her as pleasing in appearance, but does not show the motives behind the tortuous planning with which she attained her ends.

There are always two sides to every story, and Abigail's has not, so far as I am aware, been given. Perhaps she was not so self-interested as the play would make her. There are various historical facts which might give her a faint chance of having, perhaps, possessed a political point of view, which, though opposite to Sarah's, might have been held with the sincerity the Duchess claimed.

The Duke, great soldier as he was, was also a great financier. From his earliest youth he had kept a watchful eye upon his banking account, which had started from "minus." When Abigail hurled Sarah from power there was much discussion, particularly while the Duke spent an unhappy ten days in the Tower on the subject of the spending of public moneys.

It is true that within a few years he was restored to his offices, but he had a stroke of apoplexy and only some ten years more of life; yet Sarah, when she died on October 29, 1774, left to her heirs the vast, colossal fortune of £3,000,000.

Abigail, treacherous though she was, *might* have thought war expensive to the country, and the Tories more economical.

Irene Vanbrugh's performance as the great Sarah was as polished as one knew that it must be, but Barbara Everest as Queen Anne stole the play.

Such a poor, bewildered old lady, with so much to think of, and with so little of the necessary equipment. So happy an old lady she might be, if she lived to-day, in a nice boarding-house or hotel, with an attentive waiter who would see that she could have the empty bottle taken away from her comfortable bedroom, with the utmost discretion.

Barbara Everest gives her slight flashes of regality, which show her forlorn piteousness the more vividly. Always a lady, poor Queen Anne, always a lady! Or perhaps not; Sarah was a lady, a great lady. Barbara Everest's Queen Anne was a gentlewoman! Even with gout!

The last act ends with too sentimental a curtain. The Duke, with disaster facing him, sits in the firelight, with Sarah, wistfully discussing the joys of future domesticity. There is so often a difficulty in compressing into three acts of a play the impression of a whole stormy lifetime. Such a play should go further, or not so far. Since Sarah must give up her golden keys, which meant that she was Groom of the Stole, Mistress of the Robes, and Keeper of the Privy Purse, and, in consequence, in her rage casts them away, let the play end then, and let her cast them in the Queen's face, or the supplanting Abigail's face, instead of on the floor. From the point of view of historical accuracy, perhaps she did not, but she must have been quite capable of it!

Or let the play go further than a somewhat unconvincing delight of the Marlboroughs in leaving Court life for the trees of Woodstock. It is sufficiently good for any audience to enjoy more.

ON THE AIR: Evelyn Laye singing with Parry Jones during a recent Saturday night broadcast of a musical show from the B.B.C. She is shortly returning to Hollywood with her husband, Frank Lawton, to fulfil a film contract

"Barnet's Folly."—It is not often that the author of a play risks offering his own performance in one of the more prominent parts of his creation. In *Barnet's Folly*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Jan Stewer, the author, however, not only plays an important part, but plays it as well as he has written it—which is saying a good deal.

The audience was insistent upon rendering him their appreciation of an evening at the theatre which had not held one second of dullness!

Barnet's Folly is a play which is the acme of simplicity and perfect stage-craft. It opens so quietly that one is about to yawn when one discovers that one is intensely interested. Then, one begins to fear that it is impossible to continue that interest as the simple story, which is almost old-fashioned traditional melodrama, unfolds. Such fear is unnecessary. The third act—that rock upon which so many a good play founders—works out to the perfect climax, and, while Mr. Stewer, the author, aggravatingly brings tears to one's eyes with sentimental relief, Mr. Stewer, the actor, dismisses his audience in a roar of laughter.

Muriel Aked's performance is a triumph. To me she is always a dream of delight. In *Barnet's Folly* she has never been funnier, more human, more lovable. She and George, the "hired man," are the devoted retainers of the richest farming family of the district, the Lannacotts. She has nursed Nellie, the daughter, as a baby, is her slave as Nellie grows to bright girlhood and stands upon the threshold of Romance. With dismay Hannah Mudge sees the projected matrimonial plans which are to join the Lannacott land to that of their neighbours. "That sawny chap!" the neighbour's son is not nearly good enough for Nellie!

And Nellie does not care very much for Sam Burridge, whose family believes that the Lannacott girl will be a rich heiress, as her father's failing health is shrewdly noted. Nellie's eye has been caught by the attractions of Richard Barnet, through whose father's financial machinations ruin comes to the Lannacott family.

Perhaps Mrs. Burridge, with feminine insight, sensed in Richard the possibility of a youthful alternative to Burridge plans: in any case she promptly tells Richard, with mischievous intent—and quite untruly—that Nellie is "promised" to Sam. But when it appears that Nellie is no heiress, but likely to be the sole support of her ruined father and mother, she visits the farmhouse to obtain bargains in the auction sale of the furniture, instead of to capture the formerly coveted daughter-in-law.

Nellie, the Lannacott daughter, is played delightfully by Jane Harwood. She has all the sincerity, freshness, and charm which can be hoped for in so young an actress. To her, much of the realism of the quite moving sentiment is due, for when at last the Lannacott misfortunes come to an end and Nellie and Richard (beamed upon by the faithful retainers, who have insisted upon remaining with ruin, in the traditional manner) fall into each other's arms, one cannot help but be delighted with the prospects of their future.

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Miss Gertrude Lawrence, in the latest Molyneux informal evening gown, at supper with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., at Grosvenor House

CHECKS AND STRIPES

Fashion's Spring Song

For golf, or with any country suit, this heavy wool sweater would be ideal. In duck-egg blue, greys, greens, or yellow, it has a closely ribbed circular yoke with four leather buttons at the neck, and it costs 37s. 6d. at Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

The suit above exploits one of the most attractive colour combinations of the season—and that is saying a good deal, for this Spring colour is all-important. It has broad diagonal stripes in burgundy and gun-metal, the line of the skirt being unbroken at the front, while at the back there is a low inverted pleat. Very light in weight, it comes from Woolland Brothers of Knightsbridge, where it costs £6 19s. 6d.

There is an air of classic simplicity about the woollen sports suit on the right. In a clear black-and-white broken check, the jacket has a yoke and a half-belt across the back. The slanting pockets and rounded fronts are important, because they are much favoured in the new Spring costumes. The skirt has an inverted pleat at the front and back. This costs five guineas, and also comes from Woolland Brothers.

A LIVING SIGNPOST: Direction arms nailed to the trunk of a tree at cross-roads near Boxford, Essex. They are liberally spiked with nails to prevent children from swinging on them

THE PETROL WORLD

The Case for the Cyclist Examined—The Segrave Trophy Award

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

MUCH as we motorists dislike the cyclist who insists upon riding three abreast with his two friends, or the one who wobbles dangerously when we are about to pass him, we cannot but admire the energy and the skill with which the C.T.C., the N.C.U., and the Cycling Traders Organisation champion the cyclists' case. No one can pretend that the cycling industry is as important as that devoted to the making of motor vehicles; neither can I imagine that the C.T.C. and the N.C.U. have one-tenth of the membership of the A.A. and R.A.C., although we are told that there are 6,000,000 cyclists on the road. If anyone suggests that cyclists should carry rear lights, or that they should be asked to pedal along specially constructed tracks by the side of the public highways, these cycling organisations figuratively froth at the mouth, and I must say they look after the cyclists' interest to such an extent that on nine occasions out of ten they are successful.

Then again the amount of energy displayed by the Pedestrians' Association in fighting for the so-called rights of those who walk on or near a public highway is a matter for commendation. Here again I should imagine that the membership is but a small proportion of the people who actually use their legs for transport. Yet our hats must go off to the Pedestrians' Association, for they make their views heard and very much respected. I don't think any motorist can do anything but congratulate all these organisations which look after the interests of road-users, other than motorists. We, however, still wait for something effective to be done by our great motoring bodies.

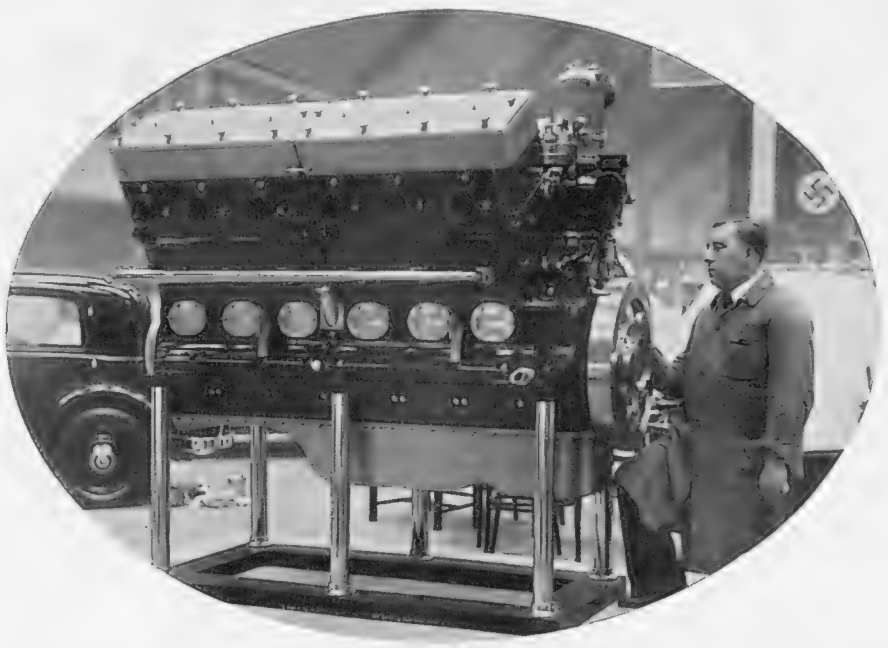
The latest outcry by the cycling organisations is directed against the increase in the number of special cycling tracks which the authorities propose to lay down. At first sight the cyclists' desire to preserve their rights of cycling on the road seems very reasonable. At the same time it is frequently foolish, if it is an out-of-date right, to stand up blindly for it, and if continued in often leads to disagreeable consequences. I may, perhaps, be quite wrong, but if I have a right I do not think I would, as it were, stick in the last ditch to uphold it if I thought that by so doing I might get killed. Needless to say, I am not referring to any right which would involve one's personal or one's country's honour. If one can cycle along a pavement just beside the road on which there are fast-moving motor cars, and by so doing the risk of accident is reduced almost to vanishing point, then I think I would not mind relinquishing my rights.

After all footpaths are provided for the use of pedestrians and certainly in large cities and towns cyclists themselves when on foot probably use them instead of walking the whole way down the street. By so doing they are probably not asserting the rights to which they are entitled, but I cannot believe that they would really prefer the street to the pavement. I cannot imagine any motoring body shouting in protest from the housetops if the Government suggested that it would build a special new road from London to Brighton, that only motor-cars should be allowed to use it, and that when in operation if we were going direct from the Metropolis to the Queen of Watering Places we would not be allowed to use the ordinary road.

I have had my attention drawn to a letter written by Mr. P. J. H. Hannon, M.P., and addressed to the Minister of Transport. The writer is the deputy-chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited. The letter, which is an exceedingly long one, takes up the cudgels on behalf of cyclists, and right at the beginning states "The largest number of road users of one class, namely cyclists, regard with grave anxiety your suggestion that the reconstruction of main and secondary roads will include or partly include the building of separate cycle paths." Mr. Hannon goes on to point out that the cyclist has been consistently attacked by other road interests, and that although he has protested whenever his freedom or convenience was interfered with he has cheerfully adopted the rear reflector and has added the white patch to assist overtaking traffic to see him. According to Mr. Hannon he doesn't wish to be segregated by being compelled to use cycle paths. Once the cyclist is provided with these special tracks the writer considers it will not be very long before he will lose his right to use the roads at all, and then the non-motoring community, for the pedestrians are already on their footpaths, will have handed over to motorists that magnificent heritage of our main roads.

And what is more, Mr. Hannon adds, the motoring traffic is the least in numbers. I wonder if Mr. Hannon has ever thought that if all pedestrians, and all cyclists, and motorists were all on their appointed tracks, and kept to them, that the number of motor cars would increase very rapidly and might even become greater than the number of cyclists. As a result of greatly increased numbers the price of motor cars might be considerably reduced with the result that a very large number of people who can only afford a cycle to-day might become motor car owners. In this letter motorists are at least given the credit for paying for the roads, although it is contended that the cyclist by paying rates direct, or by indirect means, contributes his fair share.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Hannon's trump card is the statement which he pens in answer to the charge that the cyclist is a menace on the road. This charge he considers is definitely untrue and then states, "It is proven beyond argument on the question of insurance. Seventy-thousand cyclists have been insured against third-party risks up to £1,000 by two-wheeling Associations, at a capitation fee of less than 2 per cent. of the lowest motor insurance available." I am afraid these facts are not very convincing, particularly as no one is accusing the cyclist of killing or injuring hundreds of thousands of pedestrians. When a collision occurs between a cyclist and a motor car, the cyclist is the unfortunate person who usually comes off worse and no matter who is in the right or who is in the wrong, the motorist is bound to get the blame in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. I have not space to go any further into Mr. Hannon's letter, but I suggest that the deputy-chairman of one of our big motor car manufacturing concerns should write a letter to the Ministry of Transport pointing out in a more convincing manner why cycle tracks are desirable. After all, the main consideration for the safety of the roads is to segregate the various classes of road users, and if the authorities prefer to give motorists special roads, and leave the existing ones to cyclists, and build footpaths all along for pedestrians, the same ideal would be reached, and I feel certain that motorists would not complain.



THE BERLIN INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW: A 450-h.p. Diesel engine at the great automobile exhibition which opened at the Kaiserdamm on February 14

Motorists as a body do acknowledge that in their ranks there are a number of road hogs, and the great majority of motoring folk who are respectable, law-abiding citizens, do their very best to have them hunted down, or converted. At least steps are taken to point out the error of their ways to the careless. As far as I can remember I have never heard of any official voice from any other class of road user acknowledging that there might even be one or two pedestrians who did not look before stepping off the pavement, or that there was ever a cyclist who consistently rode abreast of two others. Of course, the fact is that there are black sheep in all the folds, but the very great majority are respectable people who wish to do their utmost whether they are pedestrians, cyclists, or motorists to make the roads safer for all users.

A meeting of the Segrave Trophy Awarding Committee, which consists of representatives of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the Royal Automobile Club, the Royal Aero Club, the Royal Aeronautical Society, the Marine Motoring Association, and the Newspaper Proprietors' Association was held on January 28 for the purpose of making the award for 1934. It was unanimously agreed that the trophy should be awarded to Mr. Kenneth Waller for his flights to and from Australia, and Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. The Trophy, which was instituted to preserve the memory of the late Sir Henry Segrave, is awarded to the British subject who, in the judgment of the awarding committee, accomplishes the most outstanding demonstration of the possibilities of transport by land, air, or water. The simple idea behind this tribute to Sir Henry Segrave is to stimulate others also to uphold British prestige before the world by demonstrating how the display of courage, initiative, and skill can assist in mechanical development. The trophy was first awarded in 1930 to Wing Commander C. E. Kingsford Smith. In 1931 it was awarded to Squadron Leader H. J. L. Hinkler, in 1932 to Mrs. J. A. Mollison, and in 1933 to Sir Malcolm Campbell.

MODERNITY AND MELLOWED AGE: A 40/50-h.p. Rolls-Royce fitted with a Hooper body outside Ashridge House, the Bonar Law College, near Berkhamsted

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE: Workmen engaged on the task of dividing the Great West Road into two one-way tracks between Boston Road and Syon Lane

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Mongolia's Fight for Independence

(Continued from p. 282)

and there by deep, muddy pools. The farther we proceed the worse it gets, until having passed the last ramification of the Great Wall we enter the Mongolian plateau and reach Hara Balgas (the Black City), former capital of Mongolia, which is said to be still haunted by the spirit of a powerful and cruel queen and is now known by its Chinese name of Chang Peh Hsien.

None of its former splendour remains; it has become a typical Chinese settlement at the crossing of the Urga and Dolonor main roads.

Once upon a time the inns of Hara Balgas resounded with news of east and west, but they are now silent and deserted. Their stables have been converted into garages, the blare of automobile horns has replaced the tinkling of camel bells, and khaki-clad Chinese soldiers bearing modern rifles are stationed in the city.

Our car enables us to cover long distances rapidly and after travelling in unexpected comfort and comparative safety over the bandit ridden Mongolian plain, we finally reach the palace of Prince Teh Wang, leader of the Independence Movement in Mongolia. Its white walls are reflected in the still waters of a lake, and an obo, or small stone pile on which white prayer flags are flying to keep the evil spirits away, has been erected on a neighbouring hillock. Ponies are grazing in a nearby field, while others are being held in harness at the palace gate for the messengers who will carry Prince Teh Wang's instructions from yurt to yurt.

A CARE-FREE NOMAD: A Mongol type of to-day

We find Prince Teh Wang in a small room seated on a sort of raised platform made of K'ang rugs, which can be heated from the inside and which serves the purpose of sofa, bed, and stove. The prince is listening with apparent indifference to reports on the negotiations conducted with the Nanking Government, Japanese generals, and Mongolian princes, and as his messengers depart we exchange the usual greetings. He nods his approval as his welcome is being translated to us by the interpreter and his face becomes suddenly animated as we broach the subject of politics, his favourite topic.

A meeting of the princes of Eastern Mongolia was held at Utchun Dochin close to the frontier of Manchukuo to discuss future politics and the Japanese suggestion that Mongolia should bind itself to the new Manchukuo Empire.

"The demand for the independence of Mongolia is spreading throughout the land," says Teh Wang, "and neither Japan nor China can ignore it any longer. We are poorly equipped and know nothing about modern warfare, but we shall no longer tolerate Chinese mandarins who make outcasts of our people, and we will remain faithful to China only if she grants our minimum demands: the end of Chinese immigration, the recognition of the Council of Mongolian princes, and no further interference on the part of Chinese officials in our provincial Government."

The sun was declining as we passed into the courtyard. The bodyguards of the prince, wearing grey-blue uniforms, were preparing ammunition for the night guard. We entered the armoury which contains a most interesting collection of obsolete guns and arms, the only exception being two machine guns which four Mongolian soldiers are learning to handle.

In our honour the Teh Wang decides to review his cavalry, and we witness the display of that marvellous horsemanship which the Mongols have acquired through countless generations of dare-devil riders. "The hordes of Genghis Khan must have looked like this," whispers my companion as, proudly saluting his tribal chief, the standard bearer files by, his yellow and black-embroidered banner fluttering high in the breeze, followed by fierce-looking warriors who still utter the savage cries which centuries ago made Europe tremble with fear.

As dusk slowly envelopes the steppes and we watch their disappearing silhouettes against a background of fading gold, we wonder whether the doom of these people is sealed and whether nomadic tribes still have the right to claim as their own immense stretches of untilled and unproductive land, when their southern and eastern neighbours have long since ploughed their own to the last inch and are in desperate need of new outlets for their overflowing population.

As we were taking our departure and bidding our host good-bye, we unexpectedly witnessed the dramatic arrival of a Mongolian pony express. Bearing news, that the Deva Kong, a close relative of the Teh Wang, feared an impending attack on his camp by Chinese bandits, the messenger had been riding at breakneck speed since dawn to ask whether military reinforcements could be sent in case of need. It would have taken another day for a despatch rider to carry back an answer, but our car could cover the distance in two hours. Would we take a message to the Deva Kong?

The Mongolian plateau is an immense and ideal speedway, and in such an emergency we could not refuse our assistance. A few moments later we were racing madly ahead, meeting with no greater obstacles than flocks of slumbering sheep and frightened antelopes.

We reached the yurts of the Deva Kong just before nightfall. As our car stops a few women appear and, quickly dispersing the sheep, they carry bleating lambs away in their arms.

Before the yurt, which is apparently used as a temple, two lamas are mumbling prayerfully, while a boy lama is energetically banging an instrument which looks and sounds like a bass drum. He stops to look in astonishment at the mysterious and resplendent chariot of the strange visitors, but a sharp and convincing dig in the ribs from his elders brings this youthful aspirant to the service of God back to a more fitting sense of his religious duty, and while he bangs away with renewed and deafening vigour, the official welcome committee, composed of two Mongols, appears.

We are led to his tent. The heavy matting which hangs at the entrance is lifted and we are motioned to enter. The Deva Kong is seated on antique rugs scattered on the ground. He is about sixty years old, tanned and weather-beaten, with a long, snow-white moustache and a large mole protruding from his lower lip. To his fur-edged cap is attached a red coral button, the badge of his high office, for he is the "Tosso Lack Tchi," or Prime Minister.

He is apparently issuing orders for the defence of his camp. Three or four men, bearing old-fashioned muzzle-loading guns, are listening respectfully. While he pauses to think one of them says a few words in a low, calm voice, and the others approve with a nod, while they roll prayer beads quickly through their fingers.

We in turn sit on the floor rugs which have been spread for us, and sip the salt brick tea which is forever simmering on the hearth of every yurt. From some dark and deep recess sweets and pieces of sugar are exhumed for our benefit. They have a somewhat musty appearance, for no Mongol ever eats such confections, which are kept in store exclusively for foreign visitors.

The flare of the stove lights up the round walls of the yurt. Blackened by smoke they form a contrasting background to several wooden chests gaily painted with hunting scenes, galloping horses, and Mongolian warriors brandishing bows and arrows. This primitive furniture has been repeatedly carried on camel backs from camp to camp across the steppe and has acquired the beauty

(Continued on p. 298)

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Mongolia's Fight for Independence

(Continued from p. 296)

which time frequently confers on the products of man's handicrafts. A copper prayer wheel which resembles a large churn stands on the right of the Deva Kong and a smaller one made of hammered silver is placed on a low table next to a writing brush and an open ink box. The only modern comfort is that of a stove which radiates heat from the centre of the yurt. A pipe which goes through the ceiling provides an open air outlet for the acrid smoke of the horse and camel dung burned as fuel.

Near the entrance, rows of gleaming copper and pewter vessels stand next to silver inlaid birchwood dishes which have been set out to dry. Although used for several generations these household utensils seem to have come only yesterday from the hands of some fanciful and clever craftsman bent on creating beauty of line and form.

Behind us on the other side of a high wall-board we can hear the bleating of new-born lambs, too weak as yet to be led to pasture and which the camp's shepherdess carries outside in her arms at feeding time.

Thus the simple and leisurely life described in the Old Testament is led by these people decade after decade, but for weeks now their peace has been threatened by unpaid marauding soldiers who have taken up banditry as a gainful occupation.

The Deva Kong speaks of the growing menace of these bandits, who are daily getting closer to his camp. They have already raided the residence of one of the neighbouring princes, the chief of the Durbot Mongols, and their outposts are now but a few miles away. Unless he is assured of getting reinforcements in time from the Teh Wang's camp, his own men may be overcome by numbers.

Time was when the Mongolian forebears of our host could burn and ransack at will the towns and villages of two continents, but to-day the very existence of Mongolia is threatened by the overflowing vitality of her Eastern neighbours and the far-reaching trends of Western technology. The strength of her people has been sapped by disease and incest, and, through the enforcement of Lamaism, an essentially stultifying religion, the priesthood has destroyed whatever spark of life still remained in this once-powerful and conquering race. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

After delivering the Teh Wang's reassuring message we took our departure. Barking dogs followed our car for a while, but they finally gave up the chase and we drove through the silent darkness of the steppe on which only an experienced guide can find his way.

The vision of the elderly prince, his richly attired wife, his sheep and yurts vanished like a dream conjured up from one of the tales of Scheherazade.

Having found our way back to the Urga-Kalgan road our mind returned to the princely palaces and yurts we had visited only to realize that for Mongolia the days of "splendid isolation" are over. This once mysterious land is slowly being modernized and will eventually become commonplace. The number of casual and idly chattering tourists is already increasing and rumour has it that Hollywood is preparing to film a 100 per cent. Mongolian love story with native stars and all Mongolian cast.

COMING TO LONDON: Else Rykens, the well-known Dutch mezzo-soprano, who will be giving recitals at the Wigmore Hall on March 4 and May 3

Both in Mongolia and Tibet the steppe is doomed to disappear. The very remoteness of these countries which was once their greatest safeguard and their main strength is nothing more at present than a source of weakness. Backward and unprepared the nomads are waging a losing fight against the advent of the automobile and machine gun, and cannot possibly withstand the ever-increasing pressure of their Westernized neighbours.

In Mongolia, the princes and political leaders realizing the situation, are making desperate efforts to turn the tide, but one of their main obstacles is the unlimited power which an ignorant priesthood wields over the masses. By their tremendous force of inertia the lamas are amongst the worst enemies of Mongolia, which is being assailed on all sides by foreign powers so that Inner Mongolia is constantly being reduced to an ever-narrowing circle.

In the north, Outer Mongolia has definitely become Sovietized territory. If Russia temporarily allows the nomads to retain their primitive ways she has nevertheless taken a firm grip on their economic life and built a network of automobile roads. Under the direction of her military instructors, a Mongolian army is being trained and mechanized. Not only has a considerable number of war 'planes already been concentrated in Urga, but large quantities of munitions are being manufactured in the arsenal of the city.

In the east more than half of Inner Mongolia has become part of Manchukuo. Whereas the Djerin-Josoto and Jo-Oda districts have during the last few decades been invaded by Chinese settlers, the new province created since the Japanese occupation which has been given the name of the Hsing-An mountain chain, has remained exclusively MONGOLIAN. Under the new regime it has been granted almost complete autonomy and the tribal chiefs have been allowed to retain their troops.

These are the forces against which the Mongolian princes under the Teh Wang have to contend.

After losing the provinces of Hsing-An and Jehol to the Japanese the Nanking Government has come to recognize that political concessions are necessary in order to retain the goodwill of the Mongols. After long negotiations the creation of a Mongolian Political Council has been authorized to insure greater autonomy to Inner Mongolia and a more equitable division of the tax revenue between the Mongolian and Chinese authorities.

These concessions are naturally very important to the Mongols, but in view of past experience their leaders doubt whether Nanking seriously intends putting them into practice.

The near future will tell with whom or against whom Mongolia, at present cut into three distinct sections—Sovietic Mongolia, Manchukuo Mongolia, and Inner Chinese Mongolia—will unite.

The world at large is not so keenly interested in the Mongolian situation as it was three years ago in Manchurian affairs. In spite of this indifference present political developments in Mongolia are of serious import, and the fate of Mongolia may well be the deciding factor which will tip the scales in favour of peace or war in the Far East.

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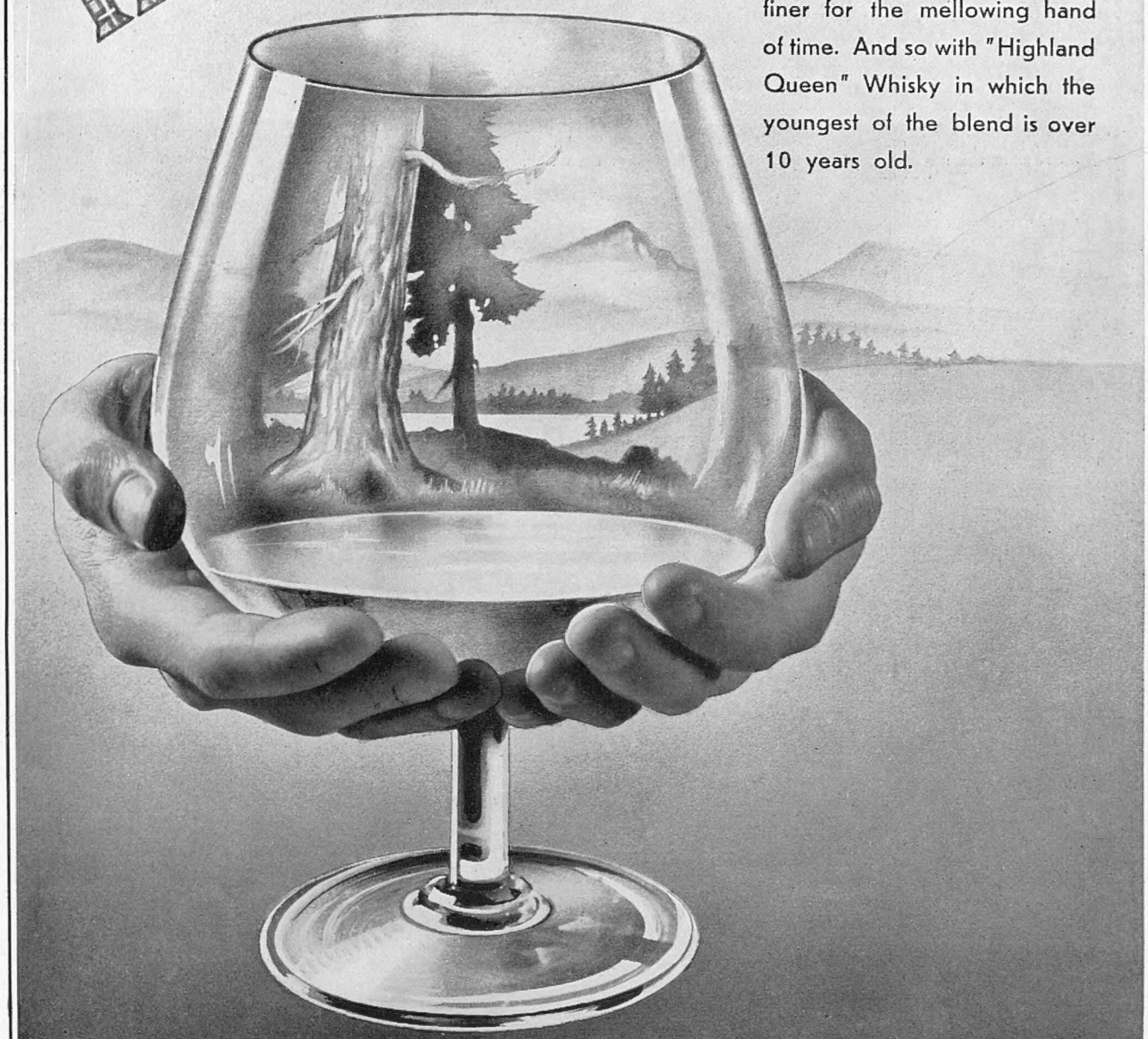

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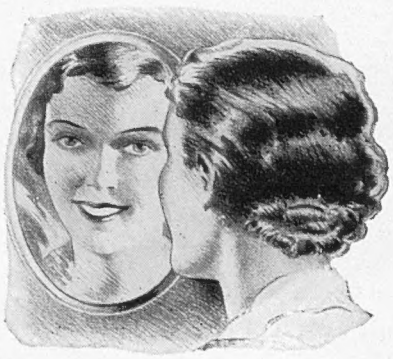

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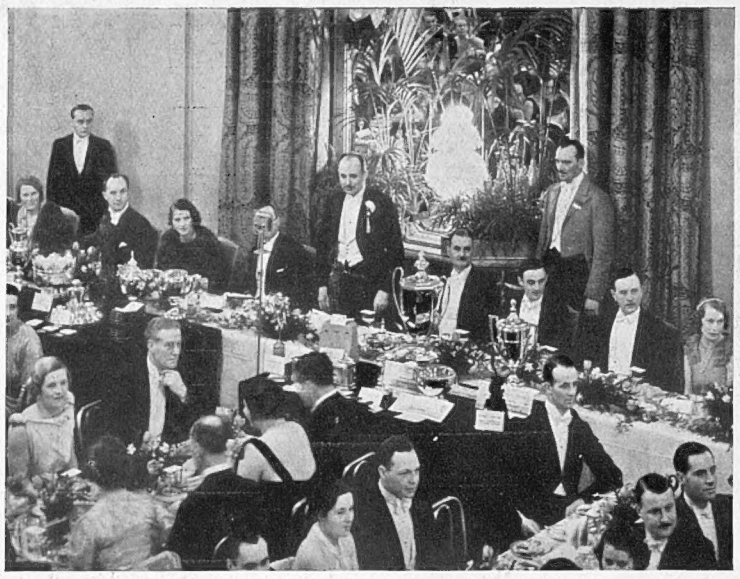

SPEED MERCHANTS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: A group at the top table at the British Racing Drivers' Club Dinner which was held a few days ago. Addressing the microphone is Earl Howe; on his right is Lord Horder, and on his left Sir Charles Brassey

A NOTABLE APPOINTMENT: Mr. Gerald Cook, the present Director of Outside Broadcasting, who has been made Director of Television at the B.B.C.

CONSOLATION PRIZE: Sir Woodman Burbidge (centre) with Wivenhoe, the winner of the Waterloo Purse—an event open to dogs defeated in the first round of the Waterloo Cup. The Cup was won by Mr. J. E. Dennis's Dee Rock, which put up a series of magnificent performances, but did not succeed in killing a hare in any of its six courses

CHOSEN FROM 34,000 APPLICANTS: Captain R. S. D. Stuart, who has been appointed by the Minister of Transport to be Chief Examiner of applicants for driving licences

The National Provincial Bank

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the National Provincial Bank, Ltd. was held at the end of last month at Southern House, London, E.C. Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell (the chairman) first referred to the retirement from the board of Sir Harry Goschen. Sir Harry, he said, had been a member of the board for thirty-two years, and the bank was greatly indebted to him for the valuable advice which he had been able to give over this long period.

From the accounts it would be seen, continued Mr. Campbell, that deposits showed an increase of about £9,000,000, and that in advances there was an increase of £1,581,077 at £113,398,472, the percentage of advances to deposits being 38 compared with 38·6 for the previous year. The directors hoped that this small increase in the advances might prove to be a turning point in the demand for facilities for industrial purposes. There had been an increase of 7·8 per cent. over 1933 in the turnover of the country section of the Bankers' Clearing House, and of this improvement the bank had enjoyed their full share. The returns of the Provincial Clearing Houses, which were a very fair indication of trade conditions, recorded an increase of slightly over 4 per cent, compared with 1933. Since prices, both wholesale and retail, were comparatively stable throughout the year, this expansion in the turnover indicated increased production and consumption. Reports from the bank's branches throughout the country referred to the improved economic conditions in 1934, and revealed a measure of confidence concerning the prospects of further improvement during the present year. Turning to conditions abroad the chairman said that it was too soon to draw any conclusions with regard to the effects on business of the new system of government in Germany; but those who favoured governmental control of British industry through elaborate schemes of planning might consider that the effort to conduct industry on these lines in Germany had not so far been attended with results which might be regarded with any degree of satisfaction.

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The Society is urgently in need of donations and legacies so that their great work of training young children to become good and useful citizens may be carried on. In the Society's various Homes and Training Ship *Arethusa* 1,100 children have always to be maintained. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Italy (Canary Islands). The average temperatures at Puerto Orotava, Teneriffe, during the winter months are as follow: November, 67·1; December, 63·7; January, 61·2; February, 61·6; March, 62·6. Temperatures at Santa Cruz are slightly higher. The wettest month in Teneriffe is January, though the climate generally is drier than that of Madeira, though it is also windier and more bracing. The Grand Hotel Taoro and the Hotel Martianez at Puerto Orotava charge from 14s. per day. This resort is about twenty-five miles from Santa Cruz, and has an English church and library and also a British Outdoors Games Club; it is situated in a pretty valley, and there are good facilities for bathing all the year round. It is possible to travel to Teneriffe by Union Castle Line, Blue Star Line, Royal Mail Line, and Yeoward Line. Two Spanish lines also have sailings from Barcelona and Cadiz, the Cia Trasmediterranean Espanola, and the Cia Trasatlantica Espanola.

B. F. M. S. (Spain).—Malaga is the most suitable town in Spain for a winter resort. The climate then is warm, sunny, and exceptionally dry. There is an eighteen-hole golf course, and facilities for bathing at La Caleta, a select residential suburb. The Caleta Palace Hotel is very good, charges ranging from about 15s. per day. A good pension in the same neighbourhood is the Cooper Pension. Sitges, a small resort with a fine beach, near Barcelona is also suitable for a winter resort, though you would not find it so warm as at Malaga. There is a nine-hole golf course at Sitges, and an eighteen-hole course at Barcelona. The Hotel Terramar at Sitges charges from about 15s. per day.

H., London (Norway).—The best time to make a fishing holiday in Norway is during June, July, and August. If you wish to do some excursions it would be best to select some town or village on one of the fjords, so that you can make trips by steamer as well as by road. The Hardanger is one of the best known of the fjords, and at the Maelands Hotel at Eide you could stay for 6s. or 7s. per day, this including free fishing. From Eide you could make some steamer trips, and also go by road or rail to the Sogne Fjord and the high Myrdal district. Telemark is an inland district, reached from Oslo or Christianssans, famous for its beauty. At the Hotel Bandak at Dalen you would get terms, including fishing, from 6s. per day. You could go by cargo boat of the Ellerman's Wilson Line from London to Oslo or Christianssans for £10 return. The Norwegian State Railways, 21, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, quote special inclusive fares for fishing holidays in Norway, and we think you would find it both convenient and economical to take advantage of these.

S., Cheshire (Italy). Sestri Levante is a charming quiet little town, south of Rapallo, on a small peninsula. The Hotel Mirimare there is situated on the south side, facing the sea. Charges range from 22 lire per day. Another quiet spot is Pieve Ligure, which lies between Rapallo and Genoa. Here there is but one hotel, the Villa Rigatti, which is most comfortable, terms ranging from 26 lire per day. The sunniest spot on the Italian Riviera is Levanto, a short distance south of Sestri Levante. It is however rather more of a "resort" than Sestri Levante, which we think you would find is exactly the type of place you require.

B., Staffs. (Sicily).—For warmth, sunshine, and good bathing during February you would be well advised to go to Sicily. There are no facilities for bathing at Syracuse, but there is an excellent beach at Taormina. The town itself stands 820 ft. above the sea, but there are two pensions practically on the beach—the Pension Villa Mazzaro, terms from 27 lire per day; and the more simple Pension Isola Bella.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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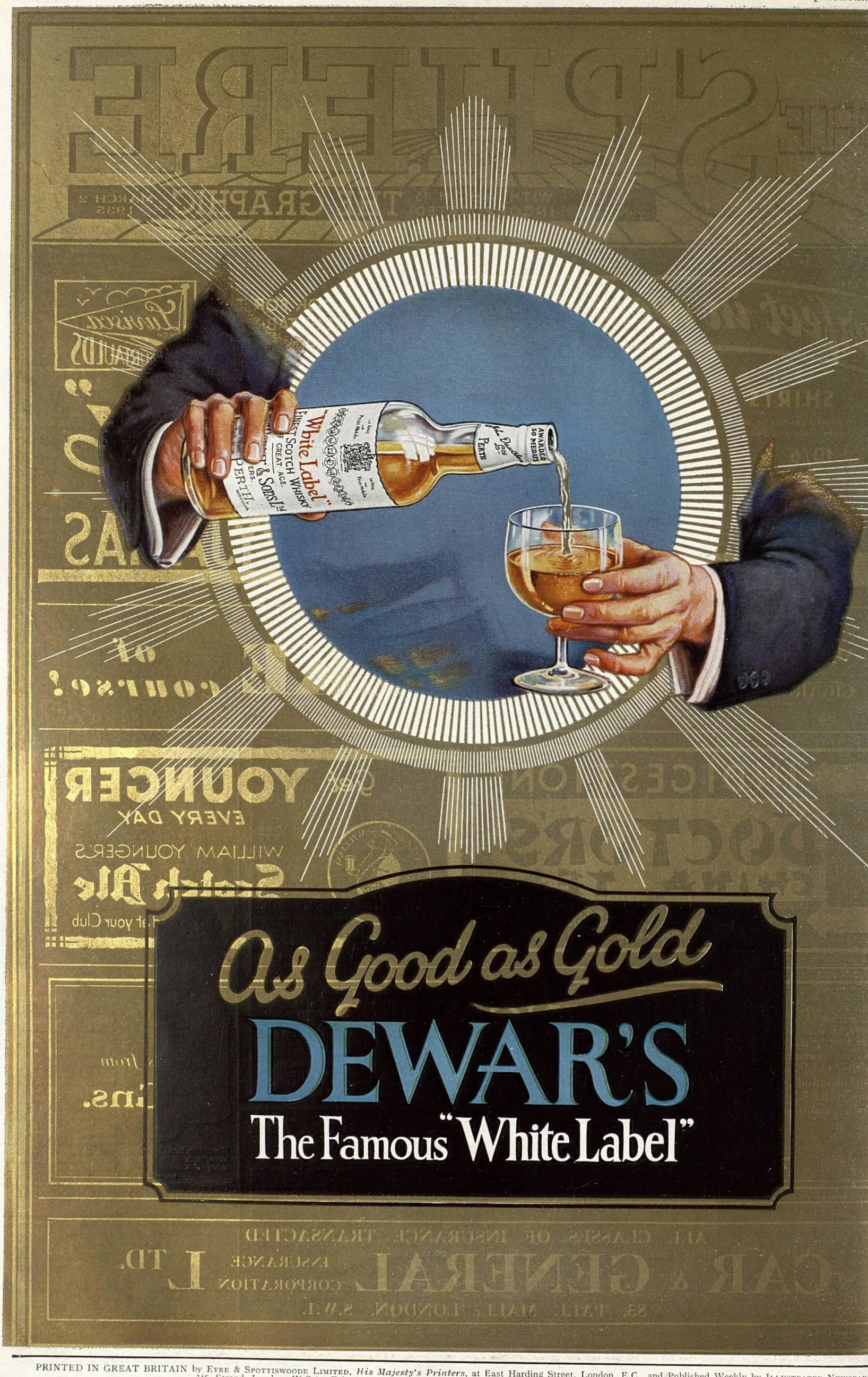

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